

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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No. 1,016—Vol. XL.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1875.

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HALT THERE, GENERAL BOOM!

JUDGE POLAND TO GEN. U. S. G. BOUM—"By the Constitution of the United States, and by your oath of office 'to preserve, protect and defend' it, you are estopped from going further in this direction. The existing State government in Arkansas should not be interfered with, either by Congress or by any department of the National Government, which has no more right to interfere with it than has England or France."



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,**  
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
 NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1875.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

## THE LAST REPUBLICAN CONGRESS.

THE retirement of the Forty-third Congress is an event which may well be called memorable. The close of any Congress is an important occurrence, but the one which went out on Thursday, March 4th, will be long remembered, not, perhaps, so much for its acts, as for the fact that it was the last distinctively Republican Congress. We call it the "last" advisedly, for even if the Democrats should not retain their majority in the House for more than the next two years, it is hardly possible that they should be succeeded by a strictly Republican majority governed by the present ideas, and pursuing the present ends, even if wearing the party title. It is now sixteen years since the Republicans first held the control of the House, and during that time they have steadily retained it, having kept during fourteen of these years a majority so great that it was always able to sweep everything before it.

In 1855 the fight on the Slavery issue was fairly joined, and the division of the Democratic Party on the Kansas-Nebraska Bill laid the foundation of subsequent Republican success. The party's long career of triumph in the nation was preaged by the events of those days. The coalition of the Free-soilers, Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and the Native Americans, resulted in the election of Banks for Speaker. Party lines thus became confused, and the habit of Democrats voting against Democratic measures laid the foundation of a permanent change of party allegiance, and the success of the great Republican Party, whose representatives, under that party name, first appeared in Congress in 1857. They were in the minority, but their coalition with the Douglas Democrats gave them the control of the House. That was first exercised in the case of the question of the re-submission to the people of Kansas of the Lecompton Constitution. The coalition gathered a vote of 120, to 112 straight Democratic. It was not until 1859 that the Republican Party, as such, obtained the control of the House, and the fact was accepted by the extreme Southerners as a threat against slavery and a blow at Southern rights. Now the first marked indications of the coming war began to appear. The Senate, however, was still largely Democratic, and would have so remained, by reason of the continuance of Senatorial terms, until 1863, if the war, and the consequent secession of Southern Senators, had not occurred. Since 1861—for fourteen years—the Republican Party has dominated Congress, and all opposition to its measures has been absolutely hopeless. Now it falls itself into the minority, the condition of things being not dissimilar from that which prevailed in 1859 and at the opening of the session of 1861, when the Republicans controlled the House, but the Democrats had the President, and still held fast to the Senate; only now the case is reversed, the Democrats having the House and the Republicans the President and the Senate, with their hold on these last remaining for two years longer.

The Republican record during these fourteen years it is useless for us to discuss. It has certainly been a brilliant one. The party has carried on its shoulders a weight of responsibility never before assumed by a political party in a free republic. It has been followed by the majority of the people of the North with almost religious ardor, and the negroes of the South bless it as their almost divine emancipator. It is impossible for an American, be he Northerner or Southerner, to contemplate the history of this great political organization without a feeling of admiration, however much he may oppose its principles, and however bitterly he may suffer in consequence of its success. But the Republican Party turned its grand career when it demonstrated its inability to master the difficulties of Southern reconstruction. Then it became the object of criticism within its own ranks, and ultimately of popular distrust, and this distrust last year found unmistakable expression. It was incontinent thrust out of power by the people, who were tired of it, its Administration and its leaders. Moreover, long continuance in power had had its usual result, and corruption began to eat up the once vigorous organization.

The Forty-third Congress, which came into power at the highest tide of Republican success, after a lapse of two years ends its career

with the party at the lowest ebb, and with no union among its followers on the great questions of Southern reconstruction, finance and taxation. It has painfully lacked in courage and statesmanship, adaptation to the popular feeling, and political resource. Some of its most vaunted leaders have been the very men of whom the people, without distinction of party, are most distrustful. It has disturbed by selfish and short-sighted partisan legislation the orderly settlement of the Southern question, though upon the satisfactory solution of that vexed problem the national prosperity and its own political supremacy depended. It has thrown upon the people the responsibility of deciding what shall be the character of the relations between the National Government and the States of the South, and they willingly accept the burden. In its efforts to retain the negro vote it has neglected its duty to the white citizens of the South, and stirred up against the party the sense of fair play and justice of the North, where no enmity against the South exists, and the conviction prevails that Northern prosperity and secure enjoyment of political freedom share in whatever injury is done to the political rights of the South. Such a measure as the Force Bill, which passed the Republican House, and perhaps only fails of now being law by reason of the inability of the Republican Senate to find time to pass it, is a blow that cannot be struck at four or six States without danger to all.

The most notable act of this Congress is the Civil Rights Bill. Though as passed, it is not what Charles Sumner would have wished it, yet it retains enough of the characteristics of the original Bill, as that sentimental statesman framed it, to further intensify the existing contest between the races at the South. It is a firebrand tossed among these perplexed people.

But whatever it may have done or failed to do, Congress did at least one popular act when it adjourned without a day. It was not a body that represented the sentiment of the country, yet it continued in power under our constitutional system. The chief solicitude of the members was for the party so grievously wounded, but still they managed to themselves inflict some of the worst wounds it had yet received. The Fourth of March came not an hour too soon. In the interval between now and the assembling of the Forty-fourth Congress we shall have no end of maneuvering among the politicians. Both parties will be getting their men in training for the great Presidential race, and the Democrats laying the foundation for the series of investigations of Republican rule and administration which will make lively the next Congress. We may safely anticipate warm political times during the coming two years, and some very startling events. Butler prophesies war, but with him at home at Lowell, the chances of peace are much better than they have been during the two years back with him at Washington bullying Force Bills through the House.

## THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE recent news from Versailles has been received in this country, not, indeed, with any noisy and external demonstrations of joy, but with deep and sincere satisfaction, for there is an electric nerve connecting the heart of America and the heart of France which vibrates at the slightest touch. Every school-boy in the United States knows the reason for this sympathy, for the names and services of Washington and Lafayette are indissolubly associated in his memory, while those among us who have the most superficial knowledge of universal politics know to how great an extent French history has been influenced by American history—just how far 1789 was the echo of 1776.

Most cordially do we hail the recent action of the French Assembly, believing, as we do, that it has laid solidly the foundation of an enduring republic in a country which is assuredly republican in sentiment—speaking, of course, of the preponderating masses of the people.

But while, as we have said above, the American people have always sympathized with the French people, our thoughts have hardly done them justice, for our opinions of French character have been largely, perhaps unconsciously, modified by those English writers to whom we are indebted for so much of our mental aliment. Thus we have adopted, almost unchallenged, the dictum that the French are a "fickle" people, and accepted as proofs the various changes in the form of government which have taken place in France within less than a century. But it would be far more philosophical to regard all these vicissitudes as incidents of one great drama linked together by the principle of unity, and terminable only by one great dénouement. Nothing is truer than that revolutions—that is, great revolutions, not *émeutes*—"never go backward." The political changes of France within fifty-two years are the phases of a desperate strife between liberal sentiment on the one hand and arbitrary authority on the other.

Who that has studied the ante-revolutionary history of France will deny that the uprising against feudalism in 1789 was not the thoughtless action of a "fickle" people prompted by the mere love of change, but a revolution demanded of manhood by a tyranny whose excesses appear almost incredible as we read their

record. And the French people steadily adhered to the glorious principles enunciated at the commencement of their revolution. Not the people of France, but a petty fraction of them, committed the excesses of the Reign of Terror, as it was a fraction of the people of Paris who were responsible for the late excesses of the Commune. If the people of France accepted the dictatorship of a Napoleon, it was because the armed hatred of all Europe seemed to create the necessity of temporarily concentrating power in the one hand capable of wielding a victorious sword, and it was too late to rebel when the favorite general proved a traitor. It was not the people of France, even though exhausted by the ruinous wars of the first Empire, who would have recalled a Bourbon king; armed Europe replaced him on the throne. But it was the people of France, true to their hereditary aspirations for liberty, who overthrew the throne of the Bourbons in the glorious Summer days of 1830. It is true, they accepted as a compromise a constitutional monarch; but could they suspect that the son of Philip Egalité, guaranteed by Lafayette, the champion of liberty in two worlds, would prove other than a republican citizen bearing a merely honorary title? When Louis Philippe proved false to his pledges, and ungrateful to his constituents, the French people overthrew him. They were again betrayed—first by their Assembly, then by their President. But for the treason of the Assembly, the treason of Napoleon III. would have been impossible. The very men elected by the people to represent their views deliberately expunged from the voting lists three millions of their electors. The law which effected this political crime had the support of the late Emperor, who was even then planning to achieve popularity by repealing it at the proper time. Thus the Assembly concentrated upon itself all the hatred of the French people—a hatred so intense and short-sighted, that in the delight at the overthrow of the usurping oligarchy they lost sight of the fact that they themselves were being crushed by the triumph of the individual usurper. A brief period of popular inaction ensued, but it was long enough for Napoleon to inaugurate a reign of terror, and to consummate his atrocious victory. Thus the cause of liberty was for a time again lost. But the love of liberty still burned beneath the superincumbent weight of blood and ashes.

The French have been often ridiculed because, in moments of disaster, the first cry that rises to their lips is, "We have been betrayed!" but have they not, as we have endeavored to show, been often enough betrayed by kings, emperors, generals and representatives, to justify a constant fear of perfidy on the part of those they have generously trusted?

After years of long suffering, they were preparing to throw off a yoke which had become unendurable, when the Emperor plunged them into a foreign war, provoked in the interest of his dynasty, just as in our own country Mr. Grant is preparing to inaugurate civil war in the Southern States in the hope of prolonging the power of himself, his relatives and his minions. The disasters of the imperial war are too recent to call for comment, but the rapid recuperation of France, her splendid financial condition, the revival of her local industry and foreign commerce, which have challenged the admiration of the world, all occurring under a republican form of government, warrant us in hoping for the permanence of the French Republic now officially established, for that republic is the outgrowth, as are all great vital institutions, of years of trial and suffering; it is a tree watered by the tears and consecrated by the blood of a nation; a tree planted nearly a century ago, often shorn of its foliage and fruit, often prostrated, but never uprooted and now reared again by strong and pious hands.

As all antagonistic forms of government, the monarchy of divine right, the oligarchy of terror, the empire supported by the sword, the throne based on a charter, have been tried and found wanting, it appears that the republic, springing from the will of the people, the only system, as the converted monarchist Thiers said, "which divides France the least," will prove impregnable. The adherents of the Count de Chambord may predict violence, as one of them has already done on the floor of the Assembly; the Bonapartists may bribe and intrigue; but the people of France, if true to themselves, if conducting public affairs in the same spirit of conciliation, concession and patriotism which they have lately manifested, are certain to foil intrigue, to crush rebellion, and to raise their noble country to a dominating prominence which, even in the zenith of her past glory, she never yet attained.

## POLITICAL CONTROVERSY.

THE anniversary of Washington's birthday suggested to many writers for the newspapers a comparison between the statesmen of the early days of the Republic and those of to-day. The subject was well worth pursuing, not with malice towards our present public men, but with the intent to awaken the people to the value of high personal character and sincere patriotism in their political leaders. To that end, too much stress cannot be laid on the character of Washington, who stands in our history not only as the great captain of the

Revolution and the first President, but also as the best exemplar which America has produced of a republican ruler. Yet we must keep in mind the fact that Washington bore his full share of the abuse which seems inseparable from high office in this country. The violence of political controversies was even greater in the early times of the Republic than now. Those of us who remember the politics of Jackson's times can bear personal witness to that fact; and the letters, pamphlets and newspapers of those days, and, indeed, from the time of Jefferson to Van Buren, and later, exhibit a degree of bitterness of partisan feeling of which we now really know nothing. A great deal of this violence was due to the large part that personal devotion to individuals played in the early political canvasses. We have no such objects of public hero worship to-day as Henry Clay, for instance, or Daniel Webster, especially in Massachusetts. The press takes pains that our heroes shall be reduced to the level of ordinary men, different from their fellows chiefly in the misfortune of living under a blaze of light which is turned by their journalistic critics on the personal blemishes which other men fondly hope to hide from the public view.

We think even now that our newspapers are too "slashing" in their attacks on public men, but there is not a newspaper of to-day which equals in virulence of language and malignancy of hostility towards the men it hates the venerated De Witt Clinton in his assaults upon Martin Van Buren Calhoun, Yates, Crawford and other public men of the time. That great man scrupled at nothing in the way of language when he undertook to express his hatred for his distinguished rivals. It is, indeed, pitiable to read his letters. Van Buren, according to his eminent critic and savage enemy, was "a scoundrel of the first magnitude," "a prince of villains," guilty of "treachery and duplicity," "excessively hated out of the State as well as in it," and bargained for his election to the United States Senate in the corruptest ways. Calhoun is declared to be "treacherous and a thorough-paced political blackleg," Yates "perfidious and weak," Crawford, "a drunkard, and as hardened a ruffian as Burr." Of the leading newspapers, he says, if they "were put in a bag and shaken up, the first one that came out would be the greatest scoundrel." He says of the Senate: "The vulgar insolence of the Senate has destroyed the respectability of that body."

Language like this nowadays would lead to a "Committee of Investigation," but that is a device for whitewashing corruption, in which the earlier statesmen were not adepts. Clinton put his venom in his letters where it could affect only a few. The newspaper, with its circulation of many thousands, and its tremendous power of iteration, can, by persistence and ability, finally affect the whole people. A great newspaper nowadays addresses not only its own readers, but the whole press also, and the habit of the newspapers of copying one from the other, and of the smaller newspapers of drawing their opinions, if not exact language, from the greater, swells vastly the influence of powerful metropolitan journals, giving them an audience not confined by the geographical limits within which their regular readers live, but extending to the whole people.

President Grant's contempt for the newspapers, of which we hear so much, is one among many evidences that he does not appreciate the power of public opinion. Newspapers may be liable to error, and may sometimes fail to discover the course of popular feeling, but it does not happen that the ablest and most influential of them, without regard to party, are unanimous as they are now in opposition to the policy of the Administration in its martial-law and third-term projects, without such concert of opinion meaning a like state of public sentiment, or something approaching it.

We hope to see violence of partisan controversy altogether pass away from the platform and the press. Public opinion is already averse to it. The most powerful newspapers are those which maintain the greatest fairness and calmness of discussion. The most trusted public men are those of most self-control. Governor Tilden, Charles Francis Adams, Carl Schurz, and men of their temper of mind, are more trusted by the better class of the people than all the blatherskite orators put together.

## GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING MARCH 6, 1875.

Monday.....114½ @ 114½	Thursday.....115 @ 115
Tuesday.....114½ @ 114½	Friday.....115 @ 115½
Wednesday.....114½ @ 115	Saturday.....115 @ 115

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

BARNUM'S HIPPODROME EMPLOYEES gave a very enjoyable ball on the evening of the 4th inst., at Ferrero's Assembly Rooms, Tammany Hall.

BOSTON has reduced its expenses by \$1,639,671, compared with those of last year. On the contrary, by how much has New York increased its expenses for this year?

THE PRINCE OF WALES will be installed as Grand Master of the Freemasons, on Wednesday, April 28th. During the ceremony at the Albert Hall, London, upwards of seven thousand Masons are expected to be present. The scene will be one of extraordinary splendor and significance.



A MAJORITY of the members of the Indiana Senate are lawyers, and in the House there is a quorum of farmers.

THE NEW YORK BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS has wisely agreed upon a reduction of the rates of fire insurance.

A CARDINAL'S HAT is, at last, said to be ready for Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, who has been summoned to Rome.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, this being the fiftieth year of its organization, will hold a series of semi-centennial celebrations in the chief cities of the United States.

POOR PINCHBACK popped up again for a moment like a dusty Jack 'n' the Box, after all the new Senators were sworn in, when Mr. Morton of Indiana offered a resolution to admit him as a Senator from Louisiana.

WHEN PRESIDENT JOHNSON left Washington at the expiration of a term of stormy service, there were few to do him honor; when Senator Johnson returned to Washington it seemed impossible to pay him sufficient courtesies.

SO MANY CENTENNIALS "are to be looked for about this time," that an English journal may be excused for announcing that the five hundredth, instead of the hundredth, anniversary of the birthday of Boccaccio is to be celebrated this year.

THE OLD SAW that business revives when Congress dies was illustrated in the case of Arkansas. The moment Congress adjourned a large number of the heaviest merchants sent out orders for goods of the old-fashioned dimensions.

IS IT AN IRREPRESSIBLE conflict between Bismarck and the Pope? It is reported that the German Government has demanded the dismissal of the Papal Nuncio at Munich, and the cessation of relations between the Vatican and Bavaria.

A MUSICIAN'S WINDOW in Westminster Abbey is proposed to be placed over the spot where Sir William Sterndale Bennett was lately buried, and to serve as a memorial, not only of the composer of "The May Queen," but also of the other musical worthies who lie around him.

LOVERS OF COFFEE will be glad to learn that an eminent foreign physician has demonstrated, at least to his own satisfaction, that coffee-drinking invigorates and improves the sight, to which lovers of chocolate will be surprised at hearing that their favorite beverage is injurious.

THE NEW AMERICAN ARCHBISHOPS, by virtue of the recent elevation of the Sees of Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee and Santa Fé to Archbishopric rank, are the following Roman Catholic ecclesiastics: Rt. Rev. F. Wood, Rt. Rev. J. J. Williams, Rt. Rev. J. M. Henmi and Rt. Rev. J. B. Larny.

THE CENTENARY of Charles Lamb, "gentle Elia," was celebrated on the 10th inst., in London, by a select number of his fond admirers, who dined together. The poet Swinburne presided. Very properly, no speeches were made, and the only toast was "The Memory of Charles Lamb."

JUDGE ROBINSON'S DECISION, that the street railway companies have a right to clear their tracks of snow, and pile it up in the adjoining space, makes us wish for less law and more equity and common sense in the premises. Perhaps if carried to Albany for adjudication the case will be more satisfactorily settled.

WHY SHOULD NOT EVERY CLAIM against the Government be adjudicated by some United States Court before it is presented to Congress? So salutary a reform is emphatically suggested by the tricky manner in which fraudulent bills against the Government are often passed in the last hours of the sessions of Congress.

THE BEST ANSWER to the pretext that certain States impose taxes on outside insurance companies for the protection of home companies is to be found in the fact that in those States where there is no such tax, notably in New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, there is the greatest number of large and successful companies.

FOUR OUT OF THE FIVE REPRESENTATIVES of South Carolina in the Forty-third Congress were colored men. Messrs. Raney and Ransier were born in the State, Cain in Virginia, and Elliott in Boston. Mr. Raney was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress, and Mr. Smalls, also colored, succeeds Mr. Cain. The two Republican Senators hold over.

SAN FRANCISCO may well boast of its marvelous growth. Its new directory shows that city to have a population of 230,000. During 1874, 1,300 buildings were erected at a cost of \$5,000,000, and \$2,000,000 were expended in public improvements of a substantial character. Two banks have just been started, one with a capital of \$10,000,000, and the other with a capital of \$5,000,000.

CARLYLE'S SKETCHES of the "Early Kings of Norway," although now appearing for the first time in *Fraser's Magazine*, were written long ago, and therefore afford no ground for the absurd criticism that they indicate mental decadence on the part of the writer who has influenced more than any other the advanced thought of England and America.

"WHAT IS A DOLLAR?" lately asked Professor Bonamy Price. Wendell Phillips in his recent extraordinary speech at Boston replies, and Mr. Kelley agrees with him, that a promise to pay a dollar is a dollar. "If it is," says the *World*, "his finance is unimpeachable, but we don't think anybody will set up a bank to do business upon it—this year."

THE GENEROUS PROPOSAL of the Educational Commission of the Baptist Church that this denomination celebrate the coming Centennial by raising endowments of millions of dollars for their colleges, academies, etc., throughout the United States, has met with general approval, and has already been acted upon in several States.

THE COURIER DES ETATS UNIS, in reviewing the history of the last session of Congress, declares, with its usual perspicacity and impartiality, the verdict of the people will be that the majority,

animated solely by a partisan spirit, has treated with contempt all the rights, all the interests, all the liberties, and all the principles upon which the American Government is founded.

COMMISSIONER GEORGE W. BLUNT regards the action of Congress, in appropriating \$35,000 to remove the mud (and ashes) thrown out from steamers and other vessels, as illustrating the necessity of stringent measures to preserve our harbor, and the neglect of our Legislature in providing the means for its preservation. He says, with truth, that the harbor of New York is held in trust for the nation, and that there is no trust more abused and neglected.

THE NEW STATE OF COLORADO had one representative in the last Congress, Jerome B. Chaffee, accredited to Denver, but a native of Niagara County, N. Y. Although the entire population is hardly equal to that of the Fifth Congressional District of New York, the Administration was promised two Republican representatives in the event of the admission of the Territory as a State; while New Mexico, with more Democratic proclivities, was refused an entrance into the galaxy of States by a very heavy majority.

SENATOR CHRISTIANCY, when called upon by the Michigan delegation, on the evening of the 4th inst., "defined his position" thus: He would not be bound by caucus decisions against his judgment; he was in favor of a liberal and conciliatory policy towards the South; preferring to pour sweet oil instead of kerosene upon the troubled waters there; and, finally, he spoke of the President's Louisiana policy as very unfortunate. It cannot be denied that Christianity in place of Chandler is a change for the better.

VICE-PRESIDENT WILSON, although he threw his only casting vote in favor of the Bounty Bill, is said to have indorsed "by mistake" that trap to catch the soldiers' vote for himself or for Logan as candidate for the Presidential election in 1876. Mistake or fault, it is a grave and deplorable question whether the Vice-President was the tool or the accomplice of the ambitious Senator. President Grant is credited by the country, whatever may have been his motives for refusing to sign the Bill, with having thwarted an enormous swindle for depleting the national treasury and impairing the national credit.

MISS LINDA GILBERT, the Prisoners' Friend, has well earned the compliment paid to her by a number of leading citizens of New York, including clergymen of all denominations, who have tendered to her a vocal and instrumental concert, to be given on Tuesday evening, April 20th, in recognition of her laudable services, and in behalf of the Gilbert Library and Prisoners' Aid Fund. There will be a chorus of one thousand voices, an orchestra of two hundred and fifty instruments, with, perhaps, assistance from some of the opera troupes. The Hippodrome will be arranged for an audience of twenty thousand persons.

JOHN TIMBS, whose death was announced by cable telegram on the 5th inst., was one of the most industrious and popular of English magazine writers and essayists. He was born in London, August 17th, 1801. Mr. Timbs was the author of "Curiosities of London," "Things not Generally Known," "Curiosities of History," "Curiosities of Biography," "Lives of Wits and Humorists," and many similar works. He first became known to the public as editor of the *Mirror*, one of the pioneers of cheap weekly publications. He was also editor of the *Illustrated London News* almost from the founding of that paper until his retirement in 1858.

HORACE MAYNARD, who was promised the Turkish Mission, represented the State of Tennessee at large in the Forty-third Congress. He is a lawyer by profession, and began his Washington career as a member of the Thirty-fifth Congress, being elected to each succeeding one except the thirty-eighth. At the close of the war, in company with Andrew Johnson, Senator McDougall of California, and Mr. Hamilton of Texas, he visited the large cities of the North and East, making political speeches for the Republican Party. He was nominated as United States Minister to Turkey, but the Senate adjourned without acting upon it. He will be renominated this week.

THE MISCHIEVOUS CHARACTER of the Habeas Corpus clause was not changed by the amendment restricting its operation to four States, and limiting its force to about three years; only a slight improvement in its outward appearance was thus effected. Happily the shallow trick was perceived and exposed by those who defeated it. The *Courier Français* says truly: "To suppose that one portion of the American people are to be struck, and that the rest will remain passive spectators of the crime, is to hold them in singular contempt. . . . In a free country, the liberty of each citizen is a common property; the violation, therefore, of the liberty of one, is a violation of the whole."

JUDGE DALY, in a recent address, lamented the difficulty of providing homes for children in orphan asylums and similar institutions. In view of this difficulty, Mr. Charles L. Brace suggests that the best plan for orphan asylums and nurseries, and other shelters for children, would be to transplant the little ones to good country homes. The Children's Aid Society, adds Mr. Brace, could at once place in such homes, often as adopted children, and always under the happiest influences, fully a thousand children, provided they were sound in mind and body. Within twenty-two years this excellent society has placed out over twenty thousand children, and rarely do its officers hear of a case of ill-treatment.

THE JAPANESE are not content with copying our costumes, our social customs, and our educational system. As another instance of their marvelously imitative faculties, it is said that their Government is taking into consideration the establishment of a representative assembly. The scheme had been thought of when the dispute with China about Formosa postponed its realization. But although

not unwilling to chronicle the exodus of Washington lobbyists, especially of those whom our Forty-third Congress has just left out in the cold with their numerous jobs, yet we cannot advise them to be in a hurry to emigrate to Yokohama. If caught at teaching their tricks in Japan, they might be forced to commit *hari-kari*—a mode of punishment which has not yet been abolished there.

NEW YORK CITY has of late relied too confidently upon the splendid advantages of its geographical position. It is now time to realize the importance of competing through lines, cheap and rapid freights, and the full meaning of the word enterprise, inasmuch as Baltimore and Boston are manifestly in training for a decisive struggle with each other and with New York for commercial pre-eminence by the provision of the best outlets for the export trade of the country. Such a struggle must result in immensely increasing that trade, whichever port shall finally win. The contest will be watched by the country at large with interest, but with nothing like the solicitude which the contestants themselves should have. New York must awake, arise and shake herself in her giant strength, if she would maintain her actual supremacy.

JUSTICE COMES RATHER TARDILY to Major McLean of the regular army, and is shorn of nearly all its virtue. Because he exposed a gigantic pecuniary swindle to which the pets of the Administration were parties he was cashiered and dismissed the service. Now he is quietly informed that when a low-grade vacancy occurs in the Quartermaster's Department he can step in. In beautiful keeping with this was the action towards General Van Buren, Representative of the United States to the Vienna Exhibition. Minister John Jay had him disgracefully shelled, and when the General returned home to vindicate his official conduct, no apology was made for the public dishonor shown him, but his integrity was established by giving him a valuable consulship. The whittling took another turn, and we have a disapproval of Mr. Jay's course, in his being recalled from the court life which he, no doubt, found exceedingly agreeable.

POLITICIANS ARE CASTING THE HOROSCOPE for the next President. The names of Ex-Governor and Attorney-General Parker of New Jersey, Governor Tilden of New York, Governor Allen of Ohio, and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia have been mentioned, the first three with considerable enthusiasm in their respective sections of the country. Senator McDonald of Indiana—Mr. Pratt's successor—thinks that the nominee to be successful must be taken from the West, and alludes to Mr. Hendricks. The Vice-President should come from the North, but if it is thought necessary to put forth a Southern man he should be a strictly conservative one, like Senator Gordon of Georgia. A Hendricks and Gordon ticket would sweep the West and South, and draw heavily at the East and North. The West and the South might oppose a New York Democratic nominee on the ground that the two last, Ex-Governor Seymour and Horace Greeley, represented this State.

IN ITS EXPIRING HOURS, the Forty-third Congress settled the Louisiana difficulties in spiteful haste. Of all the farcical enactments of this wonderful body this was the most ludicrous. Messrs. Pinchback and McMillan were the claimants for the Senatorial seat, and the prize was awarded to Mr. Sheridan. In the House, Mr. Sypher, who represented the First Congressional District, after occupying his seat up to within a dozen hours of the adjournment, was declared not entitled to it, and his democratic competitor, Mr. Lawrence, was recognized as the legally elected representative. The "facts" that have led to these sage decisions were totally at variance with those that contributed to the "information" upon which the Administration violated the sanctity of local government. Mr. Lawrence being the true representative, and Mr. Sypher being the one who served and drew the salary, both illegally, it is certain that fur will fly when the former demands the pay and mileage to which he is entitled.

MAYOR WICKHAM's appointment of Fitz John Porter to be Commissioner of Public Works of New York City has excited particular comment in opposition circles. As yet there has been no reflection either upon his qualifications as an engineer, or his integrity as a man. It is the political tail only that by the appointment has been struck the wrong way. Recognizing in Mr. Porter two qualities required by the occupant of this important office, Mr. Wickham made his selection accordingly. The political faction that started the howl against Mr. Porter is the same that has operated to prevent the vindication of his military conduct by a reopening of the case which has frequently been promised him. Pennsylvania and New Jersey by their Legislatures have espoused his cause, and time will prove the correctness of the position he maintained in 1862. There is every assurance that he will administer the complicated duties of his new office with capacity, and a conscientious regard for the welfare of the people. Beyond this, nothing could be required of any man.

PROFESSOR C. A. YOUNG, who was chief of the United States Expedition to Peking, China, for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus, delivered on the evening of March 3d, in the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, a lecture, at once entertaining and instructive, on the nature and object of the expedition. "What," said he, "is this transit of Venus? The planet Venus simply passes between the earth and sun. This passage would take place on the recurrence of every revolution of Venus, were it not that her plane does not lie in the same plane with the path of the earth. Ordinarily Venus, on passing between us and the solar globe, appears either above or below the sun, but once in a while she comes directly between the earth and the sun, looking like a black spot projected on his disk, slowly crawling over for a few hours and thence disappearing again in space. The passage itself is a very insignificant phenomenon, but the calculations which can be based thereon are of vast importance to the astronomical and the entire civilized world. For a careful observation of the planet's track, as seen

from two north and south stations on the earth, we are enabled to determine the parallax of the sun. This parallax (the size of the earth's radius as viewed by an imaginary observer at the sun) once determined, we can calculate the distance between the earth and the sun, our distances from all the planets, their weights and sizes, as well as our distances from the fixed stars. Any error arising in our observations of the transit permeates all our computations as to the other heavenly bodies."

JOHN MITCHEL was renominated for Parliament in Tipperary on the 4th of March, the election to be held on the 11th inst. It is not at all likely that the British Government, at this late hour, will remove the disabilities of Mr. Mitchel, who, by the strict letter of the law, is still a convicted felon, and therefore ineligible to a seat in Parliament. But such a removal might have been judicious. For, as the London *Examiner* says, sedition can nowhere be safer than in the House of Commons. It is difficult to see what harm Mr. Mitchel could have done in St. Stephen's; and it is not difficult to imagine what mischief he may excite in Tipperary by the inflammatory parade of his wrongs. To admit a convicted felon to Parliament might be too strong a measure, even if the Tipperary electors judged such a man to be their most fitting representative; but when the legal disqualification was not absolutely clear, perhaps the wiser course would have been to ratify the election, and allow sedition the opportunity of free and safe ventilation, rather than to remit it, to smolder and gather force for a more dangerous explosion.

HERE ARE THE FIRST FRUITS of the Civil Rights Bill, according to telegraphic despatches:

STAUNTON, VA.—At the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Asylum, one of the colored maids put a shawl belonging to one of the pupils on her shoulders to wear. Being ordered to take it off, she said that it was as much hers as anybody's—that the State paid for it, and that her right to it was as good as that of the scholar who wore it, the "Civilized Bill" being passed, which made State property common property. This extraordinary stand taken by an employee was reported to Captain McCoy, the superintendent, who, after an investigation, ordered her to be paid up and discharged.

RICHMOND, VA.—Negroes here are beginning to exercise their rights under the Civil Rights Bill. During the day several parties have visited restaurants, including the bar-room of the Exchange Hotel, and in one instance a barber shop, and demanded to be waited upon. They were refused, in every instance, and ordered out. Nothing is yet known as to what the parties thus treated will do.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—In consequence of the Civil Rights Bill, and fearing trouble, both the principal hotels here have canceled their licenses and closed.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Four colored men demanded admission to the new Memphis Theatre and were given seats in the dress circle, Manager Davey having abandoned the idea of contesting their right to do so in the courts.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 5.—The first case here under the Civil Rights bill came up before United States Commissioner E. H. McQuigg to-day. A negro named Francis Holmes had W. H. Goke, a saloon-keeper, arrested for refusing to sell him liquor. The Commissioner dismissed the case on the ground that the Civil Rights bill did not apply to barrooms.

FROM BALTIMORE our special correspondent writes: "It does not appear that the Civil Rights Bill will have much effect here. If the negro is taught to know and keep his 'proper place' in the social scale, anywhere in the South, it is especially the case in this flourishing city of Maryland. Neither in hotels, churches or theatres are white people disposed to place themselves on an equality with those who were formerly their servants. Taking it altogether, freedom has not been the sweet boon to the 'cullud pusson' which his Northern friends intended it to be. Sambo has to work hard, and Quimbo now knows what it is to have to pay rent, supply himself with food, clothing and other necessities of life. Let us instance the case of the 'boys' who wait at the Carrollton Hotel, *caused exempli*. They come on duty at 5 o'clock A. M., and leave off at 11 o'clock P. M., having then to go home. This is a longer time of work than they were subjected to in time of servitude. At present the negroes do not seem inclined to intrude themselves in public places, and if they should be urged to do so by agitators and carpetbaggers, they will be quickly shunted to the background, where they will still be a distinct class, so that this last trick of the Republican Party to buy the black vote will not tempt the African to any extent, nor will it be the great blow to the whites they had anticipated. Trade is reviving in Baltimore. Several new houses of business are being established, and the ice having broken up on the Patapsco, the harbor is open and ships are loading for the New York markets. The management of the city is eminently satisfactory. Mr. Van Zandt, the present Mayor, informed us that the city bonds commanded a premium. The new City Hall is nearly finished, and is, without exception, one of the handsomest buildings in America. What will New Yorkers say when they hear that it cost little over \$2,000,000? No ring manipulated the contracts, and not a cent outside of the legitimate expenses stuck to any one's fingers."

#### OBITUARY RECORD.

- MARCH 2d.—At Washington, D. C., Lorenzo Thomas, for many years Adjutant-General of the United States Army, in the 72d year of his age.
- 6th.—At her residence in New York City, Mrs. Henry M. Field, well-known for her remarkable literary accomplishments and art tastes. She was for many years principal of the French Art School at the Cooper Institute.
- 7th.—At London, Sir Arthur Helps, distinguished English author, Clerk of the Privy Council, aged 58. He held several political offices, but was best known for his literary works.
- 8th.—At Fall River, Mass., suddenly, the Hon. James B. Finton, member of Congress for the past twenty years, in the 58th year of his age.
- At Frankfurt, Germany, Herr Savigny, leader of the Ultramontane party in the German Reichstag.
- At Paris, Claude Louis Mathieu, a native of Belgium, celebrated for his eminence as an astronomer, in the 92d year of his age.
- Sir James Hope Grant, K. C. B., and Lieutenant-General of the British Army. He had command during the Chinese war, and was thanked by Parliament for his eminent services. He was 67 years of age.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 23.



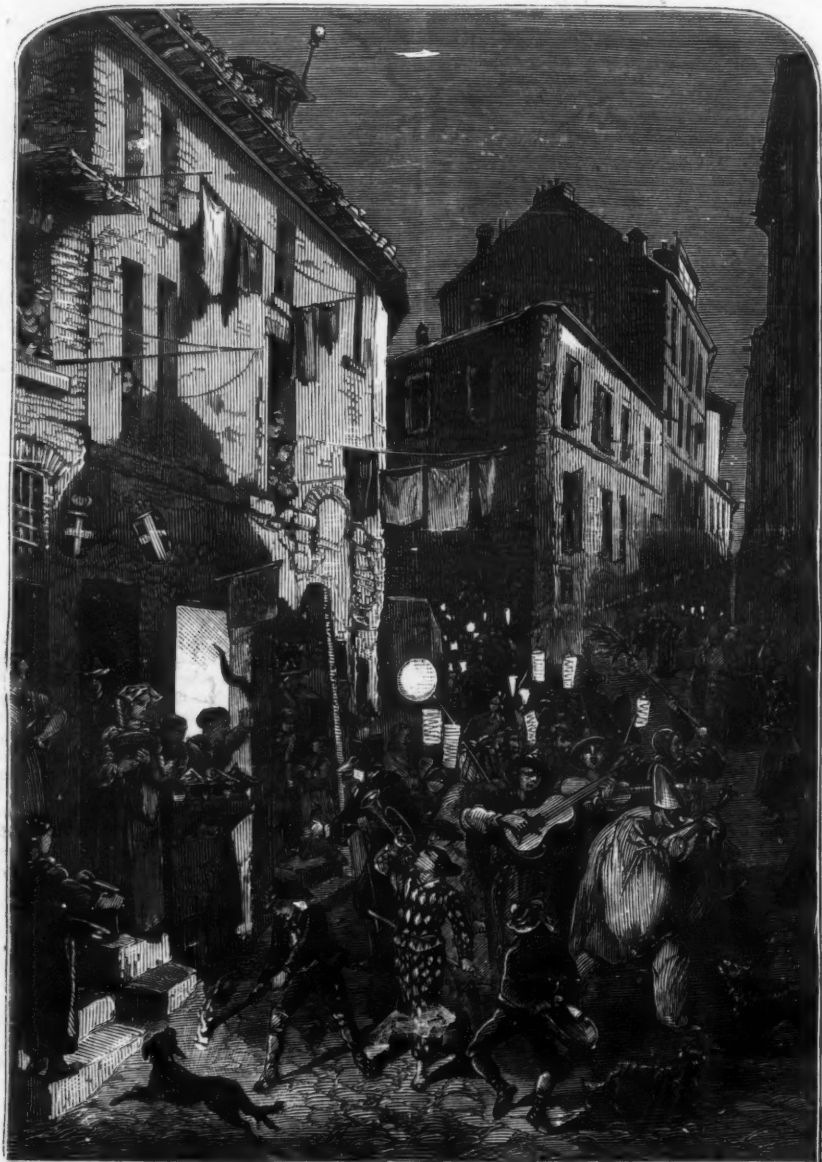
ENGLAND.—THE LATE SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER.



AUSTRALIA.—DEMONSTRATION AT ADELAIDE IN HONOR OF THE EXPLORERS, JOHN AND ALEXANDER FORREST.



FRANCE.—ALEXANDER DUMAS, RECEIVED AS MEMBER OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY, FEBRUARY 11TH.



ITALY.—VIA TARPEIA, A STREET IN ROME, DURING THE CARNIVAL.



CHINA.—LOSS OF THE ENGLISH STEAMER "MOGUL" IN CHINESE WATERS.



SPAIN.—DON CARLOS INSPECTING A BATTERY IN FRONT OF ESTELLA.



BELGIUM.—A ROYAL MARRIAGE AT BRUSSELS—THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN A CHAPEL OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM AND PRINCE PHILIP OF SAXE-COBURG, FEBRUARY 4TH.



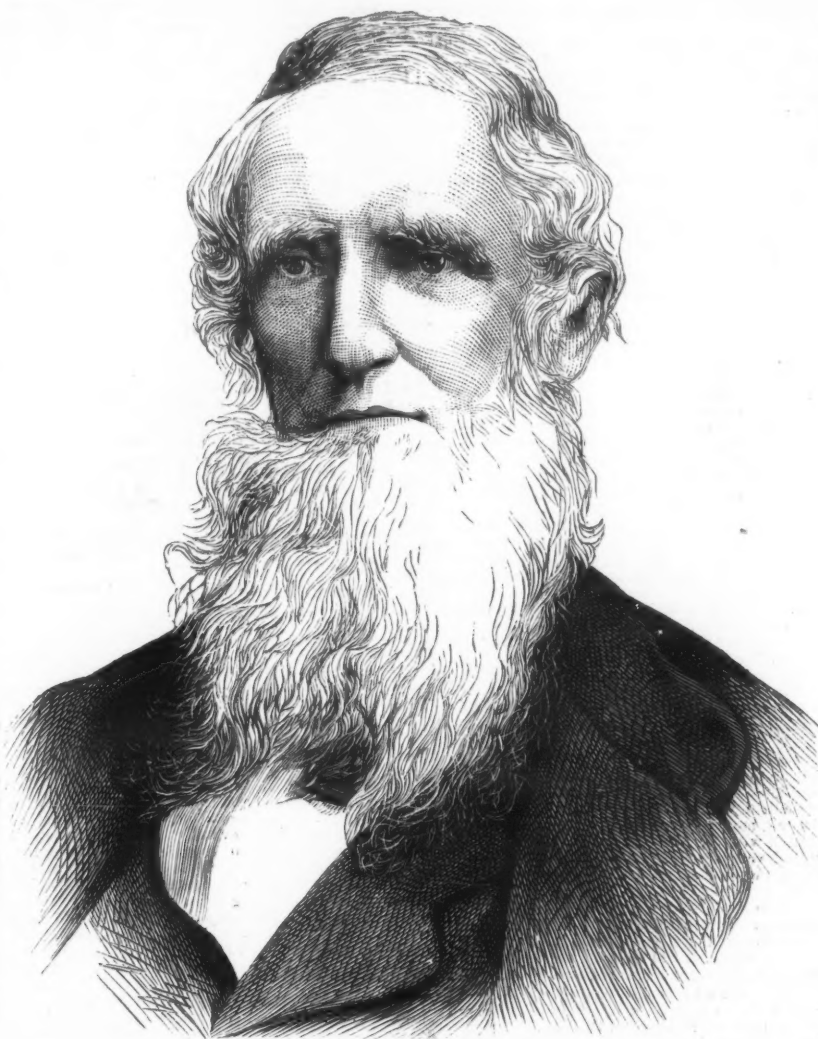
HON. ALLEN T. CAPERTON,  
U. S. SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

ALLEN TAYLOR CAPERTON, who has just been elected by the Legislature of West Virginia United States Senator for that State, to succeed Ex-Governor A. P. Boreman, after the most stubborn contest on record, is a son of the Hon. Hugh Caperton, a widely-known farmer and stock-raiser, who represented the Greenbrier District of Old Virginia in the House of Representatives from 1813 to 1815, and died in Monroe County, Va., February 9th, 1847. Mr. Caperton was born at Elmwood, the ancestral home of his family, near Union, Monroe County, W. Va., November 21, 1810. He is therefore in the sixty-fifth year of his age, but in appearance and activity would readily pass for fifty-five. He attended school in Virginia and Huntsville, Ala., the University of Virginia, and Yale College, graduating at the latter institution when he was twenty-two years of age. He was number seven on the list numbering fifty-three of the graduating class of 1832. He had as classmates G. W. Backus, who led the class, and Cassius M. Clay.

Mr. Caperton studied law with the late Judge Briscoe G. Baldwin, of Staunton, Va., a man who was an honor to the judicial ermine of the grand old Commonwealth of States and statesmen. Mr. Caperton not only became prominent at the Bar of his section, but throughout the State, for his probity of character, clear intellect, sound judgment, and as a gentleman of large and liberal views. In early life he took an active and patriotic interest in the enlightenment and material prosperity of the State, and in everything that would advance her progress and redound to her honor and glory in the sisterhood of the States. He was elected a director of the James River and Kanawha Canal, and on several occasions a member of the House of Delegates and of the State Senate, his last term in the Senate being from 1859 to 1860. To the Constitutional Convention of 1861 he was a delegate, and opposed the secession of the State until the actual commencement of hostilities, when he sided with his State. Subsequently the Legislature of Virginia elected him a member of the Confederate States Senate in conjunction with Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, and Mr. Caperton served in that capacity until the disruption of the Confederacy in 1865.

After the war, he returned to his old home. Being disfranchised, Mr. Caperton took no part in politics, but wisely turned his energies to helping the people of Virginia to recover, under adverse circumstances, from the prostration attendant upon the war, and largely aided in bringing the fine coal, mineral, timber, and grazing lands of West Virginia before the attention of Northern and foreign capitalists and the general public.

In this election of a United States Senator, West Virginia has alike honored herself and one of her noblest sons—a gentleman of culture, experience, and strict integrity, and thoroughly acquainted with the interests and wants of his State.



HON. ALLEN T. CAPERTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM WEST VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.

#### THE COMMUNISTIC EXCITEMENT IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO has had a new sensation in the shape of an alarm over the threatenings of a body of fanatics, desirous of imitating the actions of the Paris Commune. Chicago is the only city in the United States where the Internationale, popularly known as the Commune, has at present an organization sufficiently powerful to become, possi-

bly, a source of annoyance, if not of danger, worthy of serious consideration. There are now some four "sections," with a probable strength of 1,500 members. This society has been industriously striving to create a feeling of discontent among the thousands of unemployed. By the aid of demagogues, seekers after notoriety, and incendiary writers and speakers, these Communists have suc-

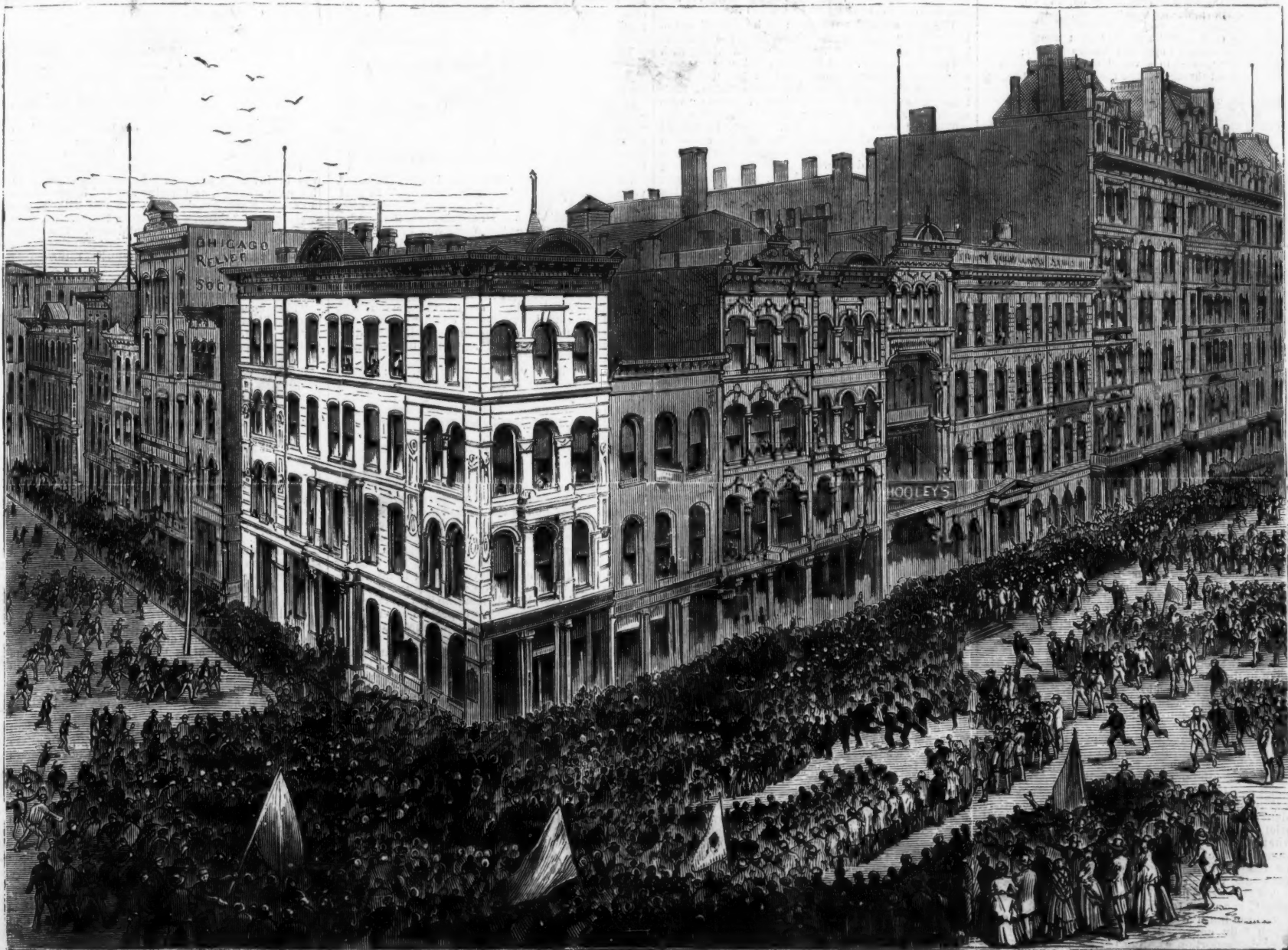
ceeded in creating excitement, and imbuing some of the unthinking with their pernicious doctrines. They organized a body several thousand strong and went to the City Council demanding work or relief. Of course they received neither, but the Council temporized with the mob, and gave them a broad hint that the city had no money, but that the coffers of the Relief and Aid Society were full. Thus en-

couraged, the Communists held their meetings, and resolved, after the usual amount of incendiary eloquence, to go *en masse* to the Relief and Aid Society offices, ask the directors to resign and hand the money over to the leaders of the mob, who were to appoint their own visitors, and direct the distribution of the funds. If a refusal was given, then they were to take the money, and if the "uniformed bandits" of the city police force interfered, why, then, the Internationale expected every man to do his duty. This, with the comments which it naturally evoked, sufficed to arouse the authorities; the First (and only) Regiment of the State Militia was placed under arms, the handful of "guards" were instructed to be ready for an *émeute*, the whole police force was ordered out, four cannon were loaded and posted, arms were given out at the police stations, the firemen were prepared for duty, and Chicago got scared generally. The Communists, who were divided among themselves, lost heart when they saw the elaborate preparations made for their reception if any riotous proceedings were attempted, and made a farcical exhibition of timidity and irresolution. A mob of some five thousand people had assembled, and treated persons whom they took for Communists with small ceremony and gentleness, while the police on duty effectually nipped in the bud the faintest attempts at demonstration and the whole thing ended in a miserable fizzle. Our cut represents the neighborhood of the office of the Relief and Aid Society during the excitement.

#### INTERESTING ART DISCOVERY.

THE discovery of five beautiful sculptures on the Esquiline, at Rome, has caused a great sensation. When they were first taken to the warehouse provided by the Municipality, the number of persons who wanted to see them was so immense that a special order was issued by the municipal authorities that no one should be allowed to see them without a special permission. This made it impossible to previously give an account of them, and it was only through the kind permission of Signor Lanciani, the Secretary of the Archaeological Commission, that they could be seen. These sculptures were found on the Esquiline where the mansion of the Lamie is supposed to have stood, the gardens of which joined on to those of Mæcenas, as we are told by Philo Judæus, who happened to be sent to Rome as an ambassador from the Jews to the Emperor Caligula; and he has left us an interesting account of his reception by the Emperor, who showed him these two gardens, and received the ambassador in the mansion of the Lamie, where he was residing. The gardens of the Lamie family were larger and richer than those of Mæcenas, where the "Auditorium" has lately been brought to light, in which the windows are sham windows of brick, plastered over and cleverly painted to represent the garden of Mæcenas as he intended it to be. They appear to be by the same artist as those in the villa of Livia, at Prima Porta, also representing the same subject. The five sculptures were found in a chamber with a fine pavement of alabaster of great variety, and some bases of columns *in situ* belonging to a portico or to a peristyle.

1. The finest of all is a statue of a nymph coming out of the water. It is of Greek marble, and smaller than life; the arms have not been found, but have been restored, and the statue has been taken to the Capitoline Museum, where it can be seen.



ILLINOIS.—THE FRUSTRATED RAID OF COMMUNISTS UPON THE RELIEF AND AID SOCIETY IN CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COPELAND & SON, AND SKETCHES BY JOSEPH E. HEALE.



2. A colossal statue of Bacchus, without the legs, of very good style, and well showing the effeminate character of that god.

3. A half-bust or portrait of the Emperor Commodus represented as Heracles. It is of Greek marble, and rests upon a basement or pedestal, on which are represented Atlas, with the signs of the Zodiac, and a very pretty small figure of an Amazon kneeling on either side of it. The bust is quite perfect and beautifully preserved, but the base is broken in some parts, especially the two small figures. All the parts belonging to them having been collected, they will shortly be put together by some clever sculptor. The work of the chisel is exceedingly fine, as can be seen by the skill and delicacy with which the hair and the beard have been treated. Between the neck and the lion's hide with which the head of the Emperor is covered all the muscles of the neck can be counted.

4. Two half-figures of Tritons, of Greek marble, of very good style. The fierce expression of their faces is remarkable. They have the body and the face covered with shells, which, though numerous, do not spoil in the least the general effect.

5. A head of an Antinous, also of Greek marble. The expression of this head, though fine in profile, as seen in front, is not so good. The arms have also been found, and the legs and feet, with sandals, on which can still be seen evident traces of colors.

In a room adjoining to the Auditorium of Mæcenæ a head of an Amazon has been discovered, evidently a copy from one of the celebrated Amazons in bronze, as can be seen from the manner in which the hair is arranged.

The pavement of the chamber in which the five sculptures were found has been carefully removed, to be placed in one of the museums by the Municipality, in order to preserve it. This is a matter of regret; but it has been considered necessary, as it would soon be destroyed if left in its place exposed to the weather, and to the pilfering of the many thousand strangers who flock to Rome every season to see the curiosities, each of whom (if not closely watched) would put a few tesserae of the mosaic pavement, or a few fragments of marble, into his pocket or her reticule.

### THE FOUNTAIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

BY  
F. H. DOYLE.

A FOUNTAIN bubbles forth, hard by the lake,  
Between two stones up-sparkling ever,  
And merrily their course the waters take,  
As if to launch some famous river.

Softly she murmurs, "What delight is mine,  
It was so cold and dark below;  
But now my banks green in the sunlight shine,  
Bright skies upon my mirror glow;

"The blue forget-me-nots through tender sighs,  
'Remember us,' keep ever saying;  
On a strong wing the gem-like dragon flies,  
Ruffle me, as they sweep round playing.

"The bird drinks at my cup; and now who knows  
After this rush through grass and flowers,  
I may become a giant stream, that flows  
Past rocks and valleys, woods and towers.

"My foam may lie, a lace-like fringe, upon  
Bridges of stone, and granite quays,  
And bear the smoking steamship on, and on,  
To earth-embracing seas."

Thus the young rivulet prattled as it went,  
With countless hopes and fancies fraught;  
Like boiling water in a vessel pent,  
Throbbled through its bed the imprisoned thought.

But close upon the cradle frowns the tomb;  
A babe the future Titan dies,  
For in the near lake's gulf of azure gloom  
The scarce-born fountain buried lies.

### TOBACCO AND SUGAR.

BY  
G. H. JESSOP.

"I DON'T know what you may think about it, Mark, but it simply comes to this: We've got to fork out or turn out, calm as you look over it." And the speaker proceeded to re-light his pipe, which he had suffered to go out in the vehemence of his last appeal, and tilting back his chair to the extremest nicety of perilous balance, looked his companion in the face.

The scene was more picturesque than attractively domestic, and, perhaps, more easily describable by negatives. The room was not very large, nor particularly tidy, the furniture was scanty and not in the best repair, and the view from the window, whose panes were scarcely in the condition of the original "glassy pond" simile, was such a one as only London can afford, and that on a November afternoon, damp, foggy, and miserable; though, probably, under more favorable circumstances, it might have been pronounced "sublime through the chimney-pots over the way."

The occupants were something better than their surroundings. Fine specimens of British youth, both, and, to judge from the lightness with which the announcement of their destitute circumstances was given and received, possessed of their full share of the *insouciance* which seems inseparable from Bohemianism. For Bohemians they both were, in spirit if not in the literal acceptance of the term. Charley Berresford, the elder of the two, and the enunciator of the warning of doom relative to the overdue rent, was rather the more sedate of the two, and was prone to give way occasionally to that most un-Bohemian failing—common sense; but then Charley imagined he had a stake in the country, and he certainly had a profession in the dim prospect of the future, for he was a medical student. Mark Little, on the other hand, was a Bohemian, pure and simple, with no thought beyond the immediate present, and no ostensible means of living save that most precarious one furnished by the pen. So often had this failed him, that he was wont to say the old Romans had done well to style the pen "*calamus*," (a reed), for to him it constantly proved a broken one. They were fast friends, these two, and had shared together plenty of privations, and an occasional "spree," brief and brilliant as the passing of a meteor, when Charley's quarterly allowance came from home, or when some editor, more accessible than his fellows, had accepted one of Mark's incubations—and paid him for it.

"What's the figure?" inquired Mark, sentimentally, in answer to Charley's observation. "Three ten," was the reply, delivered in a tone which fully conveyed the speaker's sense of the utter disproportion existing between the liabilities and the probable assets of the firm.

Mark produced half-a-crown, and regarded it ruefully for a few minutes.

"You've got your watch, haven't you, Charley?"

"What a silly question! Don't you remember perfectly well that I—"

"Oh! yes! so you did—I remember, now."

Silence for a few moments, and then Mark broke in again:

"I don't care so much about the rent, but I must have a watch to wear to-night."

The other stared at him with such marked astonishment, that he seemed to think an explanation necessary.

"I'm going out to dine to-night. I can get on without my dress-clothes, but it would look uncommonly shady if a fellow hadn't a watch, you know."

Charley seemed to appreciate the exigency of the situation. He pondered a moment or two, and then said:

"I dare say Carroll would let me have a fiver until to-morrow. We could put in the watch again and pay him back. But who are you going to dine with?"

"Oh! with some old fogies in Golden Square. They're not the attraction. But there's a young lady, beautiful as an houri and rich as Croesus. My dear boy, when I marry her I'll give you a blow-out that will open your eyes—champagne to the mast-head, and everything else in proportion. Why, you can have no idea of the wealth we'll have."

"Hold, my enthusiastic subject—aren't you getting on a little too fast? How do you know the lady will have you? And, *imprimis*, who is she?"

"I'll tell you her name, but you'll be no wiser—Dolores Espinosa."

"The deuce you say! Spanish, I presume?"

"No, Cuban, with miles of tobacco and sugar, and for aught I know a regiment of slaves into the bargain."

"Cuban! You don't mean to tell me you intend to marry a nigger?"

"For goodness' sake, don't be an ass if you can help it," said Mark, more than half irritated. "If you are so miserably ignorant as not to know that Cubans are as white as you are, and a jolly sight whiter into the bargain, you needn't let the whole world know it."

"Well, I didn't mean to rile you, old fellow. Just tell me how you happened to become acquainted with this West Indian paragon."

"Oh! very simply. I neither stopped her runaway horse, nor saved her life from either fire or water. I merely called on those Blanchards, who are solicitors in Golden Square, and made her acquaintance there. We took to one another at once, and I'm to dine there this evening. Take my word for it, old fellow, it will be a match, and then I'll give you real Havana cigars grown upon my own property. It's all plain sailing, I can see."

"Is there no governor, nor guardian, nor anything of that sort?" inquired Charley.

"Oh! I haven't got that far yet. Of course, I suppose there is. There's always something in the way of everything else. But I'll deal with it when the time comes—trust me for that. By-the-by, have the watch when I come in." And away ran Mark, whistling a *deux temps* as he sprang downstairs, and out at the street-door, wholly unmindful of the landlady's recalling cry; for that much enduring woman had posted herself at the foot of the stairs, determined at least to have the satisfaction of dunning a little for her money.

But out went Mark, adroitly avoiding the ambush of the enemy—out into the murky November afternoon, with a lighter heart than any millionaire, and assuredly with fewer cares to burden it.

The fog seemed to deepen as he turned out of the unfrequented street where he lived into the crowded Islington road. He marched along with his head in the air, and his heart full of light anticipations, nothing discomposed at the inevitable collisions with the other pedestrians, though muttering an anathema now and then at people "who would persist in keeping their umbrellas up, whether it were raining or not." Then he turned to essay the perilous navigation of the crowded crossing. Careful steering had nearly brought him across, and he had drawn aside to wait the passing of a carriage with prancing bays, his last obstacle, when a young girl, seemingly confused by the fog and rattle, stepped off the opposite pavement to cross the street, right under the feet of the horses. The coachman reined them in with an impatient jerk, but too late. The pole struck the girl heavily on the shoulder, and she fell on the slippery and crowded crossing, a piercing scream ringing out through the denseness of the fog.

She was in Mark's arms in an instant, and carried to the security of the pavement, thence into a druggist's shop. "She must have been drunk," was the remark of the aristocratic Jehu, as he whipped up his horses and drove on. "What a sweet face she has," was Mark's inward comment, as he surrendered her to the care of the man of medicine, and withdrew to the door to warn off the curiosity of the intruding crowd.

She wasn't very much hurt, after all—more frightened—and in a few minutes was sufficiently restored to face the foggy street again, and even to essay the perilous crossing. Mark would not hear of her taking a step alone, and perhaps she was not much in earnest in dismissing him. At any rate he walked by her side, and did his best to keep the umbrellas from intruding their barbed ribs under her hat. He had at first proposed a cab, strong in the confidence inspired by the unwonted presence of half a crown; but this extravagant proposition had been met with a determined veto, so he had to be content with plodding along by her side. They had some distance to go, and before Mark's guardianship expired they were very good friends indeed. She owned, candidly enough, that she was much pleased at making his acquaintance, and felt quite indebted to the accident that had introduced him; and he, like most other young men who have such an admission from young and pretty lips, vowed and believed it was the luckiest page in the whole chapter of accidents. They had exchanged names early in their acquaintance—hers was Jessie Raymond—and had advanced, as young people will do, pretty far in mutual confidence, when she announced that "this was her street," and she must hurry home "to get ready for business."

"Why, what have you to do at this time of night?" inquired Mark, pertinently enough, for it was by this time nearly six o'clock.

"Didn't I tell you? I work at the Accordion Theatre, Surrey side. Don't look so shocked. I'll tell you all about it some time. Good-by." And away she tripped, and vanished into a tall, dingy-looking building near the middle of the street, looking back as she passed in to wave her hand and smile brightly.

Mark did not omit to observe the number of the house before he turned away and strode reflectively homeward.

The lamps had begun to assert themselves against the fog, and the street was not very crowded, yet he contrived to perpetrate more collisions than he had done in his former walk, and, if the

truth must be owned, he did not take them nearly so good-humoredly.

"I believe I must be a fool by nature," muttered Mark, and as he did so his hands, thrust deeper into his pockets, encountered the half-crown. This by some psychological process suggested another train of thought, for he at once struck off at a quick pace, muttering: "By Jove! I'll be late at Golden Square. I'd forgotten all about it." And so, strange as it may seem, he had.

Though he would scarcely admit it to his own mind, Mark was anything but pleased at learning the profession of his new acquaintance. It was all very well for him to reflect, "She's nothing to me. What need I care about her?" He felt that, for some unaccountable reason, he *did* care; so like a sensible man, he shifted his ground, and proceeded to argue from other premises. He urged on himself that he knew plenty of theatrical people, and had never liked them any the worse on that account; that the *coulisses* had been his boyhood's admiration, and that there had been a time when the footlights for him cast a halo of romance equal to the floweriest wreath of medieval history. In vain. The prejudices instilled in childhood, however unreasonable, are more lasting than many of us imagine, and Mark Little was still a very young man.

He reached his room hot and breathless, and not in the very best of tempers.

"What kept you, Mark? Your adorable one will be waiting. I've been here this half-hour, and here's the watch," was Charley's greeting as he entered.

He made no answer, but proceeded with his hasty and necessarily limited toilet. Then, as he donned the watch, his friend tried again:

"What's the matter with you? You seem out of sorts?"

"I had a hard run off it—and even now I'm precious late," he added, glancing at the newly acquired time-piece. "By-by, old boy; many thanks for the trouble you've taken." And in a few minutes he was bowling along towards Golden Square in a hansom, sublimely indifferent to the inroad which that vehicle's legal fare would make in his last half-crown.

Is it worth noticing that Mark had been less communicative to his friend on the subject of "tights and spangles" than he had been a few hours before on that of "tobacco and sugar"?

Dolores Espinosa was a fine woman; at least so Mark thought that evening, and even from a merely æsthetic point of view he was no poor judge. Typically Spanish, with all the charm which beautiful woman of that race possess, it was little wonder if a speculative young man, moderate in nothing less than in his *château d'Espagne*, should have made her the goddess of his airy palace, even without the more solid attractions of tobacco and sugar. He made himself very agreeable that evening, and flirted atrociously with the not unwilling beauty, yet he made his excuses as early as he decently could, and withdrew. His host was astonished, the fair Dolores piqued, and Mark, with a *savoir vivre* which did him infinite credit, endeavored to atone for his recency with a tender pressure of the hand. Whether this was returned or not, deponent saith not. And where did he go then? Straight to the Strand, and across the river, diminishing his resources further by paying one half-penny for crossing the foot-bridge behind the Charing Cross terminus. He stopped a moment at the centre, and gazed down the long vista of lighted water—one of the finest night-scenes in the world—and then, gaining the Surrey side, made the best of his way to the Accordion Theatre.

The people were coming out as he reached it, but he passed on and took his stand in the shadow, close to the stage-door. The audience was nothing to him, neither was the play. He knew what he was waiting for, and stood very patiently.

The theatre was not a very aristocratic one; Mark could not help admitting that, as he waited. The patrons seemed mostly costermongers and coal-heavers, with a slight sprinkling of cabmen. The locality was scarcely one in which you could expect to find a temple of the legitimate drama. "What on earth do such people want with a theatre?" thought Mark; and then he shifted himself to the other foot by way of resting a little, and hummed an opera air.

Presently he found he was no longer alone. A young gentleman, expensively "got up" in seal-skin-trimmed overcoat, "fourteen-and-sixpenny gossamer," and all the other et-ceteras of the London swell, was standing at the other side of the stage-door, evidently also waiting for somebody.

Mark did not care to be seen, and drew back further into the shadow. He was wondering who this fog was waiting for.

Presently the door opened, and the young swell stepped forward. He accosted the person who opened it—who it was Mark could not see—and quite an animated discussion ensued. The door opened a little more widely, and the unseen came forth.

"I won't have you following me, sir; I don't want you to see me home. If you don't go away I'll call a policeman." All this very petulantly spoken, and in a voice which, though trembling on the verge of tears, Mark recognized immediately. He stepped forward.

"Oh, Mr. Little! you'll protect me? He will keep following me, and I don't want him. Please tell him to go away."

Mark needed no second bidding, and proceeded to dismiss the intruder in no measured terms. The stranger struck him in the face with his cane. The rest of the interview passed very quickly. In a twinkling the "gossamer" was lying on one side of the alley-way and its quondam wearer on the other, and Mark was passing out into the broader street, with Jessie confidently clinging to his arm.

"It seems to me as if you were always destined to help me," said she, glancing up into his face with an expression that made his impressive heart beat quicker; "but I hope you haven't hurt that fellow too much."

"Not a bit more than he deserves," answered Mark. "At any rate, it will be a lesson to him to leave you alone in future."

"I hope it will," answered Jessie, devoutly. "Oh, you don't know what a torment he has been to me! I used positively to be afraid to come out of the theatre."

Mark enjoyed the walk home immensely, and he and Jessie had advanced far in acquaintance, if not in intimacy, before it was over. Circumstances have much to do with the development of friendships, and still more with the progress of warmer feelings. Nothing of this entered Mark's mind, or probably Jessie's either, but it is certain that when they parted at her door it was with the distinct understanding of a meeting on the morrow. Mark's prejudice against the footlights was certainly dissipating, like the fog that evening, if not quite dispelled.

Their meetings were very frequent in the next few weeks. He always saw her home from the theatre at night. "It would not do to have you exposed to that fellow's insolence," he would urge, and Jessie never remarked how well she had hitherto managed to take care of herself. Mark

never abandoned his designs on the hand and fortune of the West Indian beauty. Visions of tobacco and sugar still floated frequently before his mind's eye, and formed a constant topic of conversation between himself and Charley Berresford; but he never mentioned the little actress to the latter, any more than he thought of her in the same connection with Dolores. I believe he regarded his acquaintance with her as an innocent flirtation, a kill-time device equally agreeable to both parties, and one that could never prove eventually troublesome to either. With Dolores his progress was most flattering. Good-looking, clever and entertaining, he quickly engaged the girl's fancy, if not her heart, and he certainly lost no opportunity of improving the occasion, and pressing on his suit to a successful issue. In this, at least, he was honest to himself, and did his best to realize the airy fabric which his fancy had built. About this time, too, he became unusually successful in his literary efforts, and his pecuniary affairs underwent a corresponding change for the better. He had always dabbled more or less in verse—chiefly amative effusions, as is the fashion of young men who have never experienced the grand passion—but now these efforts began to show some spirit, and to find favor with the magazine editors, and eventual acceptance at their hands. It was strange, however, considering the ardor with which he was pressing his suit with Dolores, that none of his verses dwelt on the deep dark eyes and raven hair which were the chief beauties of the fair Cuban. They rather recalled the sunny golden hair and blue eyes of Jessie. Perhaps Mark fancied they were tributes to a poetic ideal; perhaps, and more probably, he never gave the matter a thought at all, but just wrote as he felt. They were portraits, however, whether he knew it or not.

It was about a month after Mark's first meeting with Jessie (she was now engaged for the Christmas pantomime at a West End theatre) that an event occurred which forced him to look more closely into his real intentions, and precipitated a *dénouement* which, from the first, had been inevitable. It was simply wrought by that greatest of all mischief-makers, opportunity. He met Dolores one day; she was more warm in her manner than she had yet been; in fact, gave him marked encouragement. They were alone, and a due sense of the market value of tobacco and sugar was uppermost in his mind. He proposed—not, perhaps, as warmly or with quite so much effusion as he might have done, but he proposed and was accepted. Then he half repented, but it was too late. So far as the young lady was concerned (and she gave him to understand that her *dilemma* in such a matter would probably be final with her indulgent father); she was his—his for ever—tobacco, sugar, and all the graces of purse and person with which she was so liberally endowed.

Mark dutifully went through half an hour of lover-like chat, but he was glad when it was over. He wanted to be alone, to think; and when at length he hurried out, to pace and ponder at his leisure in the Winter evening along the deserted walks of the Green Park, what was the vision that first confronted him? Not the glorious love-laden eyes of the beautiful West Indian, not the life of ease and opulence which the events of that day had put within his reach: only the soft, confiding face and slender, graceful form of the little *danseuse*—Jessie Raymond. Now, for the first time, he felt how she had won her way to his heart; now, for the first time, he felt how impossible it would be to give her up. Life without Jessie! It would be a desert without an oasis, a sky without a flock of blue, a cloud without the faintest edge of that silver lining which renders every lot tolerable. Dolores! What was she? Could she be to him what Jessie even now was? Perish the thought! She was proud, imperious; she was his affianced wife; and his wayward heart sunk like lead as it acknowledged the truth of his conscience's unwelcome whisper. Poor, weak Mark! He knew not what to do. He was too worldly, yet not worldly enough. He left the park with his mind still in a chaos, and, through habit, mechanically directed his steps homeward.

"Well, Mark, what cheer, my boy?" was Charley's greeting as he entered their room. Charley had not failed to notice a change in his companion of late, but had accounted for it by supposing he was in love. A sagacious hypothesis enough in this case, though, as Charley applied it, erroneous in detail. Mark sat down by the fire without answering, and taking a pipe from the mantel, proceeded to fill and light it scientifically. The other watched the operation without interruption, and, when it was concluded satisfactorily, returned to the charge.

"How goes it with *la bella Dolores*? How do you stand for the tobacco and sugar to-night?"

"I am accepted," said Mark, "in the tone of one who might say, 'The doctors have given me up.'"

"By Jove, old boy, allow me to congratulate you! You don't know how pleased I am. Heavens! what a lucky dog, though!"

"Anything but that, Charley. I am the most perplexed, miserable cur alive. You don't know how little would tempt me to blow my brains out."

"Why, how's that? *Paterfamilias* hasn't had time to cut up rusty yet, and you say Dolores—"

"You'll make me say, 'Confound Dolores!' and that wouldn't be right, especially as I'm going to marry her. But if you want an explanation, Charley, you can come with me to-night—that is, if you've nothing better to do—and I'll give it to you."

"I'll go, my boy; but is it any harm to ask whither?"

"Only down-town—to the V— Theatre. We'll start as soon as we have had something to eat."

From which utilitarian observation it may be inferred that Master Mark was not quite so far gone as has been hitherto supposed.

"All right! I'm agreeable," said Charley; "though I must say I think the locality curiously chosen for the purpose of explanation."

It was a gala-night at the V—; that is, for the little folk. The Christmas pantomime was there in all its glory, and pit and galleries were lined with little faces all aglow with excitement, and little eyes were dancing in expectation of the inimitable quizzicalities of clown and harlequin and the inevitable and ill-used policeman. In one of the front rows of the pit, gravely contrasting with the mirth and pleasure around, sat Mark and Charley, with their eyes fixed on the stage, and their whole attention apparently absorbed by the evolutions of the ballet, who were just then going through some of their most intricate pirouettes.

"But, Mark, what can you do? You never mean to—!" and Charley finished his sentence with a long breath that was almost a whistle, as he removed his opera-glass from the pretty innocent face and sylph-like figure of Jessie, and turned his attention to his companion.

"I scarcely know what I mean to do. Oh, Charley, it was only to-day I discovered it, and it has made me very, very wretched!" almost wailed Mark.

"This can be nothing but the passing fancy for a pretty face, and yet to my taste she is not so



pretty as Dolores. You can never throw yourself away by such a marriage, especially now when your prospects are so bright, and you are just beginning to make yourself a name in literature. And I think I know you too well, Mark, to fancy you would entertain other views towards the poor girl."

"I am half tempted to shoot myself!" ejaculated Mark, savagely, and with such vehement emphasis that a stout old lady who occupied the next seat started round and stared at him nervously. "Every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and surely my life is my own."

Charley was very grave as he answered him. He had never heard the light-hearted Mark of former days speak in this strain, and it troubled and perplexed him. "Would you say that the captain of a ship at sea, in charge of the lives of his passengers and the fortune of his employers, would be justified in taking his own life, through a shrinking from encountering the first difficulty that overtook him?"

"The cases are not at all parallel," said Mark. "I have no one to care about me."

"Excuse me. They are more nearly connected than you think. Here are two women—both of whom, I shrewdly suspect, think a great deal more of you than you deserve. Following out the analogy of the sea captain, who is bound, if he cannot save all, to save as many as he can, you are bound to pull as much of this unfortunate business out of the fire as possible. There," he added, more lightly, "I have made you quite a speech, combining argument, simile, and exemplification; so I want to hear no more nonsense from you. Watch the pantomime."

"I don't care about the pantomime. Jessie won't be out again till the transformation scene, and all this tomfoolery is nothing to me. I'd go out until then if I thought I could get my seat again."

They sat patiently through the long array of uncouth masks and gorgeous dresses which were hailed with such exquisite delight by the little people around them. Mark did not attempt any further conversation. Charley, who was both distressed and perplexed at what he had heard, sat thinking the matter over in his mind. He could arrive at nothing like a satisfactory conclusion. Mark's obvious duty and interests and his equally obvious inclinations appeared so directly at variance, that there seemed no possible adjustment of the difficulty without the sacrifice of something that should be preserved. He could not endure the idea of his friend's connecting himself fairly and above board with a ballet-girl, and he shrank from the contemplation in this case of a *liaison* of any other description. Though in general he entertained rather conventional ideas on these subjects, he was unconsciously impressed with the expression of confiding innocence—almost pleading tenderness—which was one of the chief, though most subtle, charms of Jessie's pretty face. Besides, Mark, though he had scarcely acknowledged it to himself, had evidently made up his mind to marry her—but there was Dolores. The subject was a tangled and not a pleasant one, and Charley gave it up with an impatient sigh.

The curtain rose on the grand transformation scene, pronounced by all the papers to be a masterpiece of scenic art, and decidedly the best thing of its kind in London. As it was disclosed—a bewildering fairy-land of light, and sparkle, and tinsel, and muslin drapery—a roar of applause burst from the over-thronged pit and galleries, nor did the delight of the audience subside as its details were more fully unfolded. Shell-like boats, with fair nymph crews, glided over canvas lakes; varying lights changed the scene to all imaginable colors, and on lofty pedestals stood gracefully balanced the prettiest girls of the ballet, attired in dresses of muslin fairly blazing with (apparently) precious stones. On one of the foremost pedestals, with her eyes cast down, and her sweet face changing in the varying glow, stood Jessie Raymond.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered Mark, and his companion nodded his head in assent.

Suddenly the fairy scene was lighted with a radiance that cast into the shade all previous combinations of light, and the audience hailed it with fresh applause. But the cheers and stamping were almost instantaneously drowned in a wild cry of horror—"The stage is on fire!"—and the whole multitude were on their feet in a moment, and making for the door.

It was too true. Some careless management of the gas had ignited the inflammable scenery, and even now the tall spirals of flame, like hungry serpents, were chasing each other up the painted screens, and licking the tall pedestals, each of which sustained a human being on its narrow summit. Charley glanced instinctively at the column on which Jessie had been standing. Horror of horrors! the unfortunate girl, evidently disaffected by terror, was in the act of leaping down on the burning stage. The height could not be less than fifteen feet. With a cry for help, he endeavored to gain the stage, but the crowd was too strong for him. He was forced with the stream, and all his strength and agility was required to keep his footing, for he well knew a fall would be certain death.

It was some time before Charley Berresford could cast a glance behind him. His superior height gave him an advantage, and he saw the stage, now burning fiercely, and Mark—yes, Mark!—with Jessie in his arms, endeavoring to make his way into the main stream from the orchestra, where he had been jammed by the side-eddies of the human torrent. It was impossible that he ever could make his way out, burdened as he was. What would not Charley have given to be at his friend's side at that moment?—but it was impossible. It would have been as practicable to swim up the Falls of Niagara as to force himself a single yard against that living cataract. He fought his way on, sullenly and silently, and with a heart heavy as lead with unacknowledged foreboding.

The theatre had suffered little, much less than had been anticipated, and the loss was fully covered by insurance. The management was, therefore, content. In the rush of the panic-stricken crowd there were nine lives lost, besides an infinity of more or less serious casualties. But for this there was no one to blame. It was one of those fearful accidents which come at intervals to remind us of the precarious tenure of life.

And Mark! He was found at the door, crushed and dead, with poor little Jessie's lifeless body in his arms. His gallant conduct was remarked upon in the papers when they told the sad affair, and his early removal from the field of literature, "where he had already distinguished himself," was deplored, and then he was forgotten. Literature could do, and did, very well without him. Indeed, his fitful efforts in that direction had done little more than keep him in respectable starvation, and when he had a good chance of bettering his condition by a wealthy marriage, he—well, if he had lived, I do not think he would have married Dolores. She is far off in the West Indies now, and perhaps has an occasional tear for the memory of her first love, for she never had reason to suspect his fealty. As to this I can give no information, for I have lost sight of her. I do not even know if she be married, or if she still wears the willow, but think it more probable that some suitor, more fortunate than poor Mark Little,

has secured the enviable possession of lady, tobacco, and sugar. However,

"If she be not fair for me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

Charley Berresford often thinks of his friend, and never without a shudder at his horrible fate, made even more impressive by their conversation that evening. Poor Mark! He had found strength in the midst of weakness. There had come a desperate yet a simple solution to his difficulty.

#### THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

ON Tuesday, February 23d, the plaintiff's counsel in the Tilton-Beecher trial rested their case. General Tracy commenced the opening speech for the defense on Wednesday, and closed on Monday, March 1st. The examination of witnesses for the defense commenced on Tuesday. The first witness called was Edward J. Ovington. He is a deacon of Plymouth Church, and has been very intimate with the family of Mr. Tilton. He is a tall, erect man, with light red hair, beard and mustache, pale eyes, and whitish eyelashes. He proved to be a weak witness. He could not easily recall names, dates or circumstances, and counsel for the defense found great difficulty in bringing out the few points they wished to establish by his evidence, and when he fell into the hands of the plaintiff's counsel for cross-examination Mr. Ovington became so confused and contradictory in his answers, that all the court room were compelled to laugh at his ludicrous position.

The second witness for the defense was Mr. Rufus E. Holmes, banker at Winsted, Conn. He is a stolid-looking New England man, with coarse hair and full red beard. He was President of the Young Men's Christian Association of Winsted at the time Theodore Tilton visited that place while on a lecturing tour, in December, 1869, and his testimony was in relation to Tilton's conduct while at a hotel in company with a lady.

Mrs. Ovington, wife of the first witness, was next called. She is an invalid, and spoke with difficulty and a rather embarrassed manner. Her evidence was principally regarding her knowledge of the character and habits of the Tilton family, and the circumstances of Mrs. Tilton's residence with the Ovingtons after leaving her home.

At the close of Mrs. Ovington's examination, on Wednesday, March 3d, Mrs. Sarah D. C. Putnam was put upon the witness-stand. She is a resident of Marietta, O., but formerly resided in Brooklyn.

On Wednesday Mr. William T. Jeffrey, one of the jurors, who had been evincing signs of sickness for a day or two, was suddenly overcome by the stifling atmosphere of the court-room, and had to be conveyed to the open window, where the cool air revived him, and he was enabled to resume his seat. The sick juror was in his seat on Thursday, but after the morning recess it was announced that he was too ill to attend, and the court was adjourned until Monday, March 8th.

This week we give illustrations of the scenes described above, portraits of the witnesses, and also of Mr. Henry Varley, the noted English evangelist, who was a visitor at the court-room during the week.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, the eminent English musician and composer, died on the 1st ult., and was buried on the following Saturday in Westminster Abbey. His grave is in the north aisle, near the burial places of Croft and Purcell, of Samuel Arnold and John Blow, excellent composers of a former age. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and many persons of rank, sent carriages to attend the funeral procession. The Royal Academy of Music, the Philharmonic Society and the Royal Society of Musicians were represented by twelve pall-bearers. The University of Cambridge and the German Athenæum were also represented. William Sterndale Bennett was born at Sheffield, on April 13th, 1816. At ten years of age he became a student in the Royal Academy of Music. He was successively a pupil of Dr. Crotch, Cipriani Potter and Mr. W. H. Holmes. In 1836 he went to Leipzig, where his compositions and his piano-forte playing won praise from Mendelssohn and Robert Schumann. He became conductor of the Philharmonic Society in 1856, when he was also chosen Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge. In 1868 he was appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Although most of Bennett's compositions are for the piano-forte, other works were produced by him, such as his overtures, "The Naiades," "The Wood Nymphs," and "Paradise and the Peri," his cantata, "The May Queen," his oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," and his Symphony in G minor (written for the Philharmonic Society), which will secure him an abiding reputation. His latest published work is the charming sonata for piano-forte solo, entitled, "The Maid of Orleans." He was knighted in 1871.

ALTHOUGH CENTRAL AUSTRALIA has on or near its coasts several flourishing and populous cities, such as Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide, nevertheless its vast interior regions are almost as unknown as Central Africa. These regions have recently been for the first time thoroughly explored, at the cost of great privations, dangers and fatigues, by an expedition under the command of Mr. John Forrest and his brother, Mr. Alexander Forrest. These hardy pioneers have successfully demonstrated the possibility of traversing the Australian desert. On their safe return to Adelaide they were welcomed with extraordinary enthusiasm. Public and private buildings streamed with flags, and an immense procession escorted them and their companions to the Town Hall, where the mayor of the city formally received them. In the evening they were honored with a banquet by the notabilities of Adelaide.

THE LOSS OF THE "MOGUL," an English steamer, in Chinese waters, is one of the saddest maritime disasters of the year. She struck upon a rock not indicated in any chart, and was staved in the middle so violently that she sank within half an hour. Fifteen persons were saved by a lifeboat, but fifty-three victims were swallowed up by the sea.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, at his reception as a member of the French Academy, on the 11th of February, was applauded by a brilliant and crowded audience. The modest introduction to his discourse was full of filial affection. His election, he intimated, was chiefly due to the prestige of his late father's fame. His father, he said, entered the Academy with him. The passage in which the new Academician developed his own theory of the conditions of the modern theatre is worthy of the attentive hearing which it secured. But what the literary world will criticize as audacious and shocking was his putting Mary Stuart and Marguerite Gauthier—the *Dame aux Camelias*—on the same footing; his comparing the Queen—led away by passion, culpable, criminal, but subject to fatal influence, expiating her faults, and even her crimes, by her death, and wiping out with her blood the outrage committed on her honor—with his own heroine, who sold herself for hard cash. Comte d'Haussonville, in his reply, though forced by rule to praise M. Dumas, adverted with the tact of a gentleman and the cleverness of an Academician to this audacious attempt,

and promptly did it justice. The remainder of the Count's address was characterized by a guarded and obligatory praise. He is, however, a man of ability as well as of tact. Finding it would be too long and ungrateful a task to praise M. Dumas during his whole address, he devoted half of it to a eulogium on M. Lebrun, whom M. Dumas had already elaborately praised as his predecessor.

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL has indeed lost some of its local coloring; for instance, the *Barberi* races no longer exist. Nevertheless, the week of popular jollity preserves its traditional *entrain* and vivacity. The Corso still exhibits the scenes which for so many generations have delighted alike Romans and foreigners—battles with *confetti*, showers of bouquets, the marvelous spectacle of *moccoli*, the mosaic of costumes, the decorated and crowded balconies, the diversity of vehicles, the tumultuous multitude swaying to and fro. What music! What shouts! What explosions of laughter and songs and hissing! What frenzied glee! And when day is ended and night approaches, groups of masquers are dispersed from the Corso, by way of the adjacent streets, all over Rome, on their way homewards. Our engraving represents the scene which at this hour may be witnessed in the *Via Tarpeia*.

DON CARLOS is represented in our cut inspecting a battery in front of Estella, a town in Spain, twenty six miles southwest of Pampeluna. Estella, with its old castle, several churches and convents, a hospital, which cannot now lack for patients, a college, where probably little studying is done at present, and woolen factories which cannot be earning much, must be familiar enough with scenes of civil war. Will Alfonso, the "little cousin" of Don Carlos, end this cruel war before he is himself overthrown by a fresh revolution?

THE MARRIAGE of the Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, was celebrated on February 4th in the Royal Palace at Brussels. The religious ceremony of the marriage took place in a large salon, formerly used as a ball-room, but which had been transformed for the occasion into a chapel. The Royal party were met at the door by Monsiegnor Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, surrounded by attendant clergy, and, after receiving holy water, were conducted to the altar, Prince Philip and his bride occupying two *prie-dieu* in advance of the rest of the party. The bride's dress was trimmed with silver, and she was covered from head to foot with a lace veil, draped, out of compliment to her husband, in the Hungarian style, and she carried one bouquet of orange-blossoms in her bodice and another in her hand. As for the men, with the exception of the Comte de Paris, who was in plain black, each wore the military uniform of the country and regiment to which he belonged. Thus the bridegroom was in the Hungarian Honved uniform, the Duc d'Aumale in that of a French general, and the Prince of Wales in the scarlet of a British general.

#### FUN.

A MAN of pith—The alderman.

WHAT kind of paper most resembles a sneeze? Tissue paper.

We are constantly told that evening wore on, but what the evening wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a Summer's day?

THE excitement created in a New England town by the report that a vein of copper had been discovered, subsided when it was ascertained that the "vein of copper" was an old weathercock.

ONE evening, at a Paris *café*, a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, "I've never cried, 'Long live anybody!'" "Quite so," replied another; "but, then, you're a doctor."

THERE is a lady in New York who will not permit her children to eat anything of which Indian meal constitutes an ingredient, for fear that it will make them savage. It must be the same lady who would not let her children eat spinach for fear it would make them green.

A YOUTH who attended a Scotch revival meeting for the fun of the thing ironically inquired of the minister "whether he could work a miracle or not?" The young man's curiosity was fully satisfied by the minister kicking him out of the church, with the malediction: "We cannot work miracles, but we can cast out devils!"

JOHNNY saved himself trouble, but lost marks, in his definition exercise the other day. He got bravely through "presbyter," which he found, by looking it out, to be one who had had the laying-on of hands by the presbyter. The next word was "dissenter," and in an evil moment Johnny, without turning a leaf in his dictionary, wrote, "one who has had the dysentery."

A CHUNK of a boy was seen studying the weather report charts hanging in the post-office, recently, and wondering at the lad's interest, a gentleman approached him, and asked: "Well, my son, what do you wish to find out?" "I'm looking to see how the old thermometer stands at Duluth," replied the boy; "if she's ten below, I've got to dust to home and split more wood; if she's at zero, I can go off with Bill Jackson to see his dog fight a tame con!"

THEY have a good joke on a "Professor of Ventilation" down East, who being put in a room in a hotel with another guest, asked the latter to raise a window, at night, as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window a while. "Then knock a pane of glass out," said the professor, which was done. After a while the professor got up and knocked out another pane, then he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had broken into a bookcase.

A DILAPIDATED-LOOKING being, with a handkerchief tied over his eye, a straw hat dangling in shreds about his ears, the back of his vest split from buckle to neck, his lacerated knees peering out through his disjointed pantaloons, one arm in a sling, and a heavy stick supporting his trembling limbs, appeared on Market Square. Everybody rushed up to hear about the explosion, but this wreck of humanity, turning his gashed and bleeding face upon the crowd, said in tremulous but hopeful tones: "Gentlemen, you don't none of you want to buy a number-one team of green mules, runnin', do you?" They didn't.

"DISEASE is very various," said Mrs. Partington, as she returned from the street-door in conversation with Dr. Behaz. "The doctor tells me that poor old Mrs. Hare has got two buckles on her lungs! It is dreadful to think of, I declare. The disease is so various! One day we hear of people's dying of hermitage of the lungs! Another day, of the brown creatures; here they tell us of the elementary canal being out of order, and then about tonsors of the throat; here we hear of neurology in the head, there of embargo; on one side of us we hear of men being killed by getting a pound of tough beef in the sarcophagus, and another kills himself by discovering his peculiar vein. Things change so that I declare I don't know how to subscribe for any disease nowadays. New names and new nostrils take the place of the old, and I might as well throw my old herb-bag away." Fifteen minutes afterwards Isaac had the herb-bag for a target, and broke three squares of glass in the cellar-window in trying to hit it before the old lady knew what he was about. She didn't mean exactly what she said.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THE Senate passed the Civil Rights Bill. Business was suspended on the New York, Oswego and Midland Railroad. The House passed a Bill recognizing the Kellogg Government. Fitz John Porter was appointed Commissioner of Public Works, New York, vice Mr. Van Nort, resigned. Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, died. The Legislature of New Jersey passed a Bill calling upon President Grant to reopen the case of Fitz John Porter. Resolutions censuring the State Treasurer of Georgia for bad management in office were passed by the Legislature. Minister Cushing has received instructions to recognize King Alfonso, and it is thought that Spain will immediately after the ceremony pay a *Virginibus* indemnity of \$89,000 gold, or \$2,500 for each man killed. The officers' quarters in Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, were destroyed by fire. Colorado Territory was admitted as a new State by Congress, but the actual recognition cannot take place until after the next Presidential election. Congress restored a portion of the old franking privilege. The Senate decided the Pinchback case by giving to Mr. Sheridan the seat in contest, and gave the seat occupied by Mr. Sypher to Mr. Lawrence. The Tax Bill passed the Senate by a majority of one. Speaker Blaine adjourned the House of Representatives of the Forty-third Congress, March 4th. The President signed the Bounty Bill before its passage by the Senate. A revolution took place in the direction of the Pacific Mail Company, Jay Gould coming to its rescue with money and personal supervision. Attempts were made to break the ice-gorge in the Delaware River by blasting. Fourteen fishing-vessels remain ice-bound off Cape Cod. Professor Judd, walking against Weston in the Hippodrome, New York, broke down on Thursday, and retired, yielding the purse of \$5,000 to his competitor. Democratic mayors were elected in Rome, Oswego, Utica and Newburgh, New York State, last week. The quarterly payment to United States pensioners has been made in New York. The Morse Bill, which repeals the onerous railroad legislation of the previous Winter, passed the Minnesota Legislature. President Jewett, of the Erie Railroad, proposed that the difficulty between the Pennsylvania Central and Baltimore & Ohio Railroads should be settled by arbitration, in the interest of the roads and the public. Railroad travel in East Tennessee, having been interrupted by the freshets, was resumed on the 4th.

##### FOREIGN.

A SEVERE engagement occurred between the Royal and Carlist troops at Bilbao. M. Buffet was again elected President of the French Assembly, and undertook to form a Cabinet. The King of Belgium appointed a committee of experts to look after Belgian interests at the Centennial. A return match between American and Irish riflemen will take place June 29th, probably at Dublin. The French Government ordered the purchase of 10,000 cavalry horses in Germany. The Croydon (England) March steepleshears, and hurdle-races began on the 3d, when the International hurdle-race was won by "Industrious." A religious war broke out in Buenos Ayres. The Archbishop's palace and a number of Jesuit houses were burned, and many persons killed. The anniversary of the birth of Ex-Queen Isabella occurred February 22d, and that lady celebrated it by a grand reception in Paris. Mr. Gladstone declined to be a candidate for Lord Rector of Aberdeen University. Mgr. Ferreni, the Papal Nuncio at Rio Janeiro, died of yellow fever. The Khédive offered the post of director of Public Instruction in Egypt to Mr. Rogers, British Consul at Cairo. There is much excitement in London over the approaching marriage of a Hindoo of high rank—a member of Her Majesty's Council in Ceylon—and an English lady, as it will be the first case of its kind on record. The Emperor forbade the exportation of horses from Germany. Dr. Manning, of England, is summoned to an audience with the Pope. Sharkey, the escaped murderer, was released from imprisonment in Havana. It is reported that Prince Gortschakoff demanded the recall of Mr. Schuyler, acting United States Minister to Russia, for reporting allegations of misgovernment in Turkestan. John Mitchell has been renominated at Tipperary for the British Parliament.

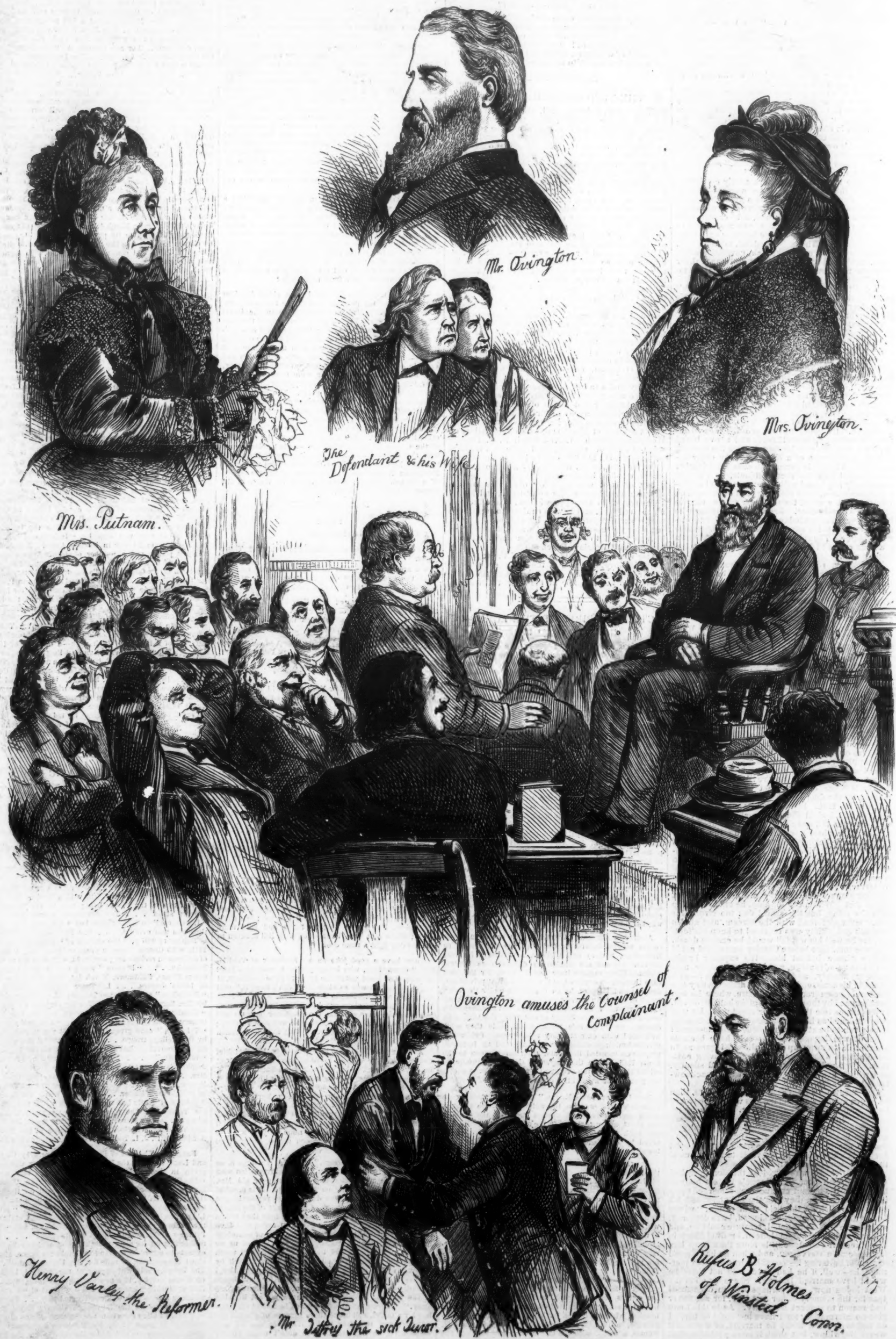
#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Lotos Club will give a grand concert and reception at the Academy of Music, March 30th, a great feature of which will be a piano quintette. A new spectacular drama, called "Ahmed," and adapted from Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," will be produced in the Grand Opera House on Easter Monday. Matt Morgan, who spent several years in Spain, is painting the scenery. An entertainment was given at the Union League Theatre, March 4th, for the benefit of St. John's Guild. Mme. Ristori was at the Lyceum last week.

PROVINCIAL.—Theodore Thomas gives a grand Wagner concert in Boston, March 16th, with selections from six operas, two of the pieces being new to the American concert stage. The Strakosch troupe produced "Lohengrin" in Washington last week, and much enthusiasm was evinced. The Philharmonic Society of Baltimore will give the cantata of "Rebecca" on the 11th, with George Simpson *premier tenor*. A series of Schumann recitals are promised the Chicagoans by Carl Wolfsohn. "Divorce" was given at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, March 1st, with \$15,000 worth of ladies' dresses. Lawrence Barrett appeared as "Richelieu" at the Boston Theatre, March 1st, assisted by Mrs. Barry, and on the following evening he played "Hamlet." Mlle. Di Murska was at the New Orleans Opera House last week. "Ernani" and the "Talisman" were given last week at the Boston Globe by the Kellogg troupe. George Fawcett Rowe began an engagement at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 1st, with "Little Em'ly." Miss Helen Houghton, of Philadelphia, is the latest *Juliet*. Grace Greenwood and Mrs. Ames have been giving costume recitations in Boston. Mme. Ristori has an engagement to appear in Buffalo after Easter. Chautrau was at the Chicago Academy of Music last week with his "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler." The piece had an unusually brilliant setting. On March 1st, Miss Agnes Booth, Mr. J. B. Booth and Mr. Wheelock began a season at the Buffalo Academy. J. L. Toole appears in Chicago on the 15th.

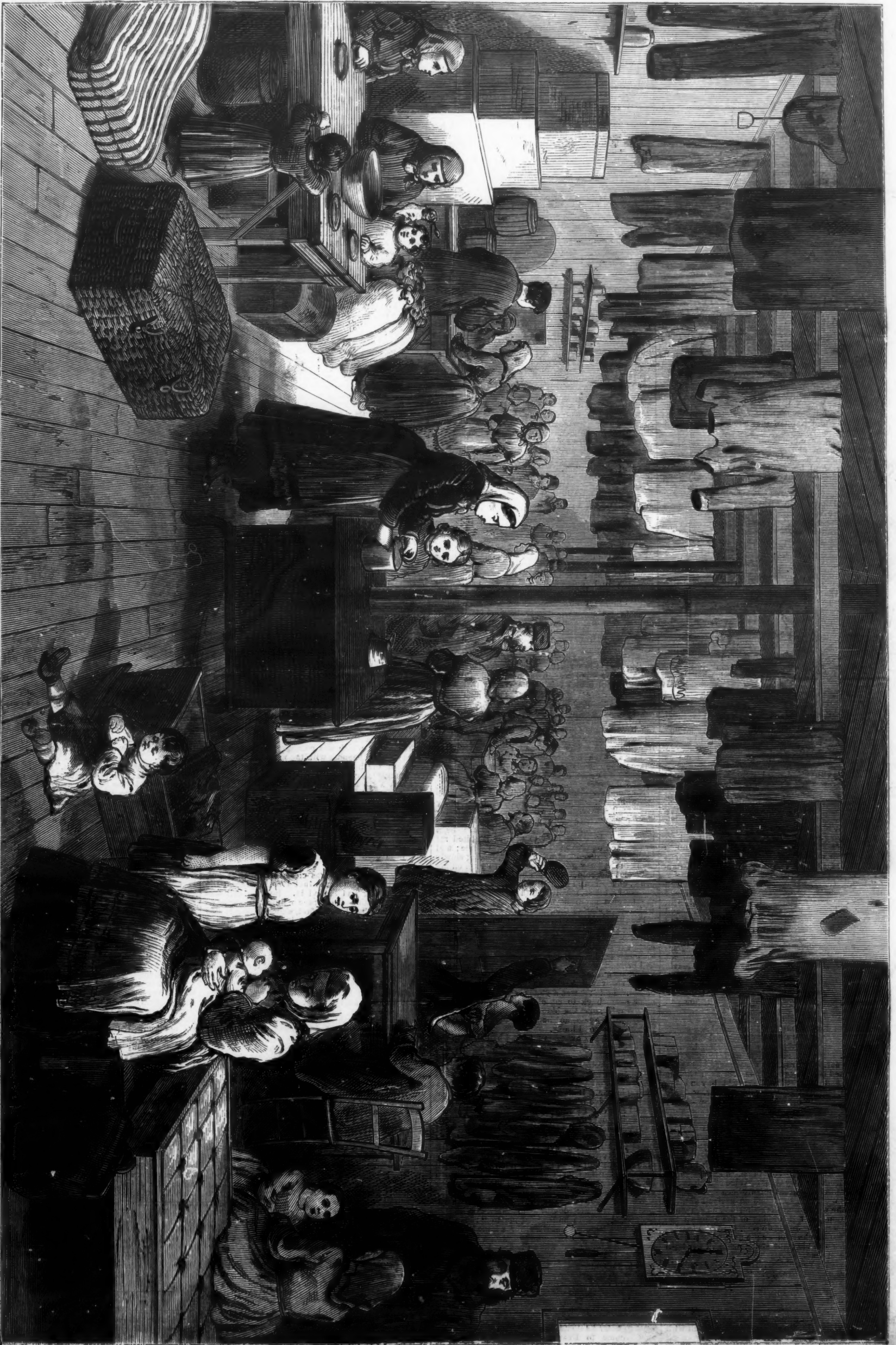
FOREIGN.—The first of the grand concerts by Wagner and Liszt, in aid of the Hayreuth undertaking, was to be given in Vienna, March 1st, when Liszt's new work, "Die Glocken des Strassberger Munsters" (The Clock of Strassburg Cathedral) was to be performed for the first time. Miss Emma Howson, who has been studying under Lamperti, recently sang in Malta. "Mme. L'Archduc," after a run of over one hundred nights in the Buffes Parisiennes, Paris, was withdrawn, and "The Princess of Tebrizonde" set in its place. Mr. Sothorn is off for a six months' tour of Australia, and expects to return to England in October, whence, after a short engagement, he sails for the United States. The Vokes family will appear at the Adelphi, London, on Easter Monday, in a new burlesque extravaganza. Arthur Mathison has completed his drama of "Norma," which is said to be a well-constructed play. Through the destruction of the Edinburgh Theatre Royal, there will be no Italian Opera in the Scottish Metropolis this season. In place of it, Mr. Mapleson's company will give a performance of "Judas Maccabeus" in the Music Hall, Edinburgh, on the 27th.





THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.—PORTRAITS AND INCIDENTS.—SKETCHED IN THE COURT-ROOM BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 23.





CENTRAL KANSAS.—INTERIOR OF THE TEMPORARY HOME OF THE RUSSIAN MENNONITES.—SEE PAGE 27.



## THE WINDS.

THE south wind sings of happy Springs,  
And Summers hastening on their way;  
The south wind smells of cowslip bells,  
And blossom-spangled meads of May;  
But sweeter is her red, red mouth  
Than all the kisses of the south.

The west wind breathes of russet heaths,  
And yellow pride of woods grown old;  
The west wind flies from Autumn skies,  
And sun clouds overlaid with gold;  
But the bright locks I love the best  
Outshine the glories of the west.

The north wind sweeps from crystal deeps,  
And Arctic halls of endless night;  
The north wind blows o'er drifted snows,  
And mountains robed in virgin white;  
But purer far her maiden's soul  
Than all the snows that shroud the pole.

The east wind shrills o'er desert hills  
And dreary coasts of barren sand;  
The east wind moans of sea-blanching bones,  
And ships that sink in sight of land;  
But the cold east may rave and moan,  
For her warm heart is all my own.

## THE Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

ONE calm, golden afternoon in late September, when Doctor Kingsley had paid his visit, Mrs. Allan, as usual, accompanied him from the room, but she did not return for a long time; and, when she did, I saw that she had been weeping.

"You must have change of air and scene, Gwendoline, at once," she commenced, sharply, as was her wont when agitated. "The doctor says that you must. And he would like to have another medical opinion about you. You don't get strong as quickly as you ought. This place doesn't suit you; you never recovered properly from that fever. You should have gone away as soon as you were able to move—gone to Wymondstowe, as your aunt asked you, or gone somewhere. You were always so terribly self-willed, Gwendoline."

Her trembling voice and the tears in her eyes atoned for any harshness in her manner; I knew she was grieved and distressed.

"Does the doctor think that I am dying?" I asked, and my own voice trembled too.

"Nonsense! What put that into your head?" said Mrs. Allan, shortly, but her lips quivered as she turned her face away from me. "You must have change of air as soon as we can get some nice place—cheerful lodgings in or near London, the doctor thinks. You—you want to be roused; you want cheerful society—amusement."

I looked at her steadfastly.

"Is that what you would prescribe for me—cheerful society, amusement? Don't you know me any better than that yet?" I asked, wearily and sadly.

"I would prescribe anything for you that I thought would do you good, Gwendoline dear," said Mrs. Allan, sitting down suddenly and bursting into tears. And then, characteristically, she added, "And you ought to know I would prescribe nothing that was not for your good, and you should yield to my advice and suggestions concerning your welfare, and not constantly oppose and grieve me as you do."

"Don't say that!" I cried, tremulously. "I will do whatever you tell me—I will indeed! I try to do it, though you don't think so. I did not mean to be troublesome and ungrateful to you—you, of all in the world! Oh, mother! You were to have been my mother once!"

"My dear child, my poor girl!" she said, kissing me and crying over me affectionately. "I will be your mother still, dear. And you will come up to London with me next week and see the doctor—won't you, dear?" Sir Jonas Jonson, Doctor Kingsley recommends."

"Yes," I agreed, passively—"anything you like; only—only, mother, it won't be of any use, I believe. And—I shall be glad—glad to die! Oh, mother, if I knew where he was! If I could find his grave and be buried beside him—if I could tell where he has been buried George!"

Alas! Vain should that search be I knew full well. Fathoms deep in the dark blue sea—somewhere amidst the boundless expanse of the great Southern Ocean—had my darling found his lonely sailor's grave.

I had thought of this, and thought of the dear head with the crisp auburn curls that had lain on my breast, the beloved, bright, winsome face and kind blue eyes that had so often looked on me with smiles and unspoken love, lying down in the awful ocean depths amongst the tangled sea-weeds and the slimy monsters of the deep, until shrinking horror and agony well-nigh drove me mad. Day and night, torturing memories, wild longing, anguished yearning, frantic, unconsoled regret, never quitted me. I never could feel as if George was safe and at rest in the world beyond the grave. In my dreams I saw him living, walking about, speaking to others, but never to me—never was there more than a cold or careless glance vouchsafed to me. I woke up often sobbing in passionate distress at his unkindness and neglect as he passed me heedlessly by; but I never dreamed of him lying quiet in the last long sleep.

Strange fancies and supernatural fears and impressions possessed me ceaselessly, though I strove against and felt ashamed of them. I shrank more and more from the very sight or voice of a stranger, and, to Mrs. Allan's great terror, became somnambulist also. Twice she found me at dead of night sitting in the window on the stairs, looking seaward, though I remembered nothing of the incident the next morning. Sir Jonas Jonson, the London physician, a stout, cheerful gentleman, with a jolly, hearty voice and pleasant smile, made rather light of my case—to me.

"Do anything you please, Miss Wymond, only do not mope," he said, heartily. "Walk until you're tired, work until you're tired, read cheerful books, get friends to read to you—do anything, but don't mope. Moping nurses and feeds half the diseases in the world, and fills the doctors' pockets, my dear lady. It is vexatious to your friends and injurious to yourself. Don't persecute yourself with any set duties or employment, only busy yourself continually, and read every amusing, entertaining book you can meet with. I won't give you medicine—I won't send you on any dreary pilgrimage in search of health—I see by your face what a pil-

grimage you would consider it. If you can run over to Paris, or travel a little on the Continent—anywhere that you have a fancy to go—to; if not, don't worry yourself. If you have any cheerful, gossiping acquaintance, let them gossip to you; it will do you good to think of other people, even if they vex you. Try to sympathize with them, even if they don't interest you—do anything, but don't mope. That's all I've got to tell you."

To Mrs. Allan, that jolly, cheery physician turned, when I left the room, with a grave, rigid face.

"Ma'am," he said, shortly, "don't you let her mope, or she will be in her grave, or in the mad-house, in three months. Make her rouse herself—make her, I tell you; coax her into it, scold her into it; make her think of something besides the past, which is breaking her heart, and turning her brain."

Long afterwards, when Mrs. Allan confessed and told me many other things which I did not know at the time, she confessed this that the London physician had said, when she, poor woman, glad of another participant in the story of her troubles, poured forth a flood of reflection at the doctor's request for some information respecting his patient.

"Take a cheerful lodging, ma'am," he said, briskly. "Give up the lonely house in the country—don't let her live there again, I tell you. Send her out shopping as often as you can—send her out, mind, and scold her if she does not execute your commissions properly. Have a couple of friends of an evening now and then, and a good game of whist or *beuque*; encourage her to make acquaintances; and—listen to me, ma'am"—the doctor lowered his voice, but looked as rigid and grave as ever—"you said something just now to me about a gentleman, a friend of the young lady's? You don't disapprove of that friendship? No? Then encourage it by every means in your power—encourage it by all means! That will make her forget the past, and begin to look forward to the future—nothing else will. Remember, madame. Good-morning."

I knew nothing of that whispered conversation, as I say, any more than I did of the doctor's warning. Therefore I was much surprised when Mrs. Allan, scarcely troubling me with a consultation, found cheerful apartments in Kensington for us—a friend had recommended them to her, she said—and when, on the very second evening of our installation, there came an opportune visit from a friend, who brought pleasant items of news, and pleasant gifts of entertaining books and papers—who brought the first smile to my lips that had come there for nearly twelve months—for a little while I forgot to be utterly sad and silent, because of Walter Hesketh's presence.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE evening was wild, wet and stormy, the rain sweeping down over and anon in tempestuous gusts, beneath which the mighty trees swayed, as the fierce blast roared through the leafless timber, crashing and snapping the frail twigs and branches, and strewing the rain-beaten earth and sodden grass for acres through the bare woodlands.

There was little shelter to be found from the driving rain and wintry cold of the stormy March evening; but in the lonely side-avenue of Grayfriars Park, where the green moss crept over the dank, moist, untrampled earth, and in the shadow of the great park-wall, with its massive stone coping buried in wreaths of shining ivy-leaves, the force of the wind was baffled, and only the tempestuous crash and roll of the grand storm-symphony in the great branches overhead, which shook down fierce showers of raindrops now and then, the rustling and fluttering of the gleaming ivy-leaves, and the desolate wailing and whistling of the blast rushing over the high walls, the sharp stone copings, and buttresses in its struggle for freedom, gave evidence of the fury with which that wind was wreaking its own wild will elsewhere, out on open lands and barren downs, out on the froth-strewn coast, out on the mad, swirling, foam-whitened waves.

Now and then there came a lull—the storm holding its breath, when the rain pattered down loudly on the fallen leaves, and a little bird cowering for shelter somewhere chirped restlessly to its frightened companion. The place might have been lonely and dreary enough to others; it suited me as I walked on through rain and storm alone; and in this place of comparative shelter, pacing slowly along the solitary grass-grown paths, I took off my hat to let the cold, fresh rain beat down on my hot brow, and perhaps help to clear the confusion of my weary, bitter, perplexing thoughts, and unravel the tangled skein of prospects and possibilities which were closing their meshes around me.

For the world that I thought to have done with long ago was around me yet, with its cares and business and perplexities and anxieties—I could escape from it or from them. Its friendships, cares, kindness, tenderness, annoyances and gratifications had pressed around me and compelled my recognition, acknowledgment, even interest, once more. I had recovered health and strength in a great measure again; I was a young woman yet, and the color came back to my cheeks, and brightness to my eyes, because the blood beat warm and strong in my pulses again, not because I cared for health, or bloom, or good looks.

Not that I was ever again what I had been in the old days—strong-willed, haughty, impetuous and independent. People found me more easy to manage and control—willing to be advised and directed—willing to go their way, and not my own; and I have no doubt that they considered the change a desirable one. It did not trouble them that mine was the passive obedience of indifference.

So I recovered youth of body, health and bloom and smiles once more. I ate, and drank, and slept, and dressed, and went shopping, and paid visits and received them. I engaged in all the pleasures and cares and business of every-day life as others did, although I hated myself for doing it, or for being able to do it—although it was but a year and a half since George had died, and my heart had grown cold and dead, and the youth and gladness of my soul had died for ever with him.

We had staid in London for the winter, where, according to the doctor's mandates, faithfully obeyed, Mrs. Allan had forced me to "rouse myself," forced me into society, forced me to make acquaintances. I had shrunk from it, and thought that I should die; but I had lived, and grown well instead—that is, comparatively well. And now we were to return there to live permanently, my tenancy of Grayfriars having been resigned. Mrs. Allan and I had come down to arrange for the sale of the furniture and effects, and my home at Grayfriars—to which, in my foolish joy and hope, I had looked forward for long years—was a thing of the past. After two days more I should never have the right to enter its doors again. Some other tenants would come to live in the dear, beautiful old house with its sunny, fruitful gardens, which I had chosen for my bridal home; another woman—some happy wife and mother, perhaps, with her husband and her children by her side—would be its mistress,

would walk about amongst the flowers in dewy Summer twilights, would look out of the windows at her children playing in the shadow of the beeches, or sit with her husband's hand in hers in that wide, sunny, eastern window, looking far over the wide blue sea.

I had thought that I could not endure to feel and realize this. But the time was come, and I had endured—outwardly calm and indifferent. Which of us may say, "I cannot—it is greater than I can bear," until the hour of his trial comes?

My friends had advised me to take this step, and I had quietly acquiesced. What was a home at Grayfriars to me now any more than any other place where I might live? I felt ashamed of the weak obstinacy which had made me cling to it so long—the childish, superstitious belief that around the shadowy relic of my home that was to have been remained some faint chances of some future happiness. My friends had—in some part, at least—discovered these ideas, or impressions and fancies of mine—gently chided me, and had urged with firm, unyielding will that I should put away from me all that was associated with that "might have been," so fraught with sorrow; and I had yielded. What else could I do? I could not, would not resist them—those friends of mine, who had been kind, generous and faithful to me through sickness, sorrow and poverty; whose care and tenderness had brought me back from the gates of death; who had borne with me, loved me—my two friends, Mrs. Allan and Walter Hesketh.

Did they not deserve my obedience in all things? Did they not deserve the best return I could make?

It was not the bleakness of the driving stormy blast that made me shudder now, as I hurried faster along the leaf-strewn, sodden wood-path, trying to hurry away from the feverish thoughts that thronged faster and faster on me, like tormenting visions. They had haunted me of late, these portents of the future, towards which my unwilling feet were bearing me so fast, despite my struggles to stay or turn aside. Faster I hurried on, with a sensation of utter freedom and liberty amid the desolation of the dripping storm-wrecked woodland paths and aisles which almost made me glad. For the time-being I was free; I had almost escaped from the resistless influence of the strong will, the clever, subtle intellect, the keen watchfulness, the powerful, self-contained, passionate, deep, reserved nature, which, in attraction or repulsion, in pleasure or anger, in gratitude or fear, had come to possess and overshadow with their presence, felt and acknowledged, almost every act and thought of my daily life.

Some distance beyond Grayfriars Lodge a thick oak copse skirted the high park wall, which, although not far from the Lodge, could not be easily reached except by traversing that far-off side-avenue and entering it at the side entrance-gates, where a half-fallen archway, clothed in masses of ivy, and a few piles of weed-grown masonry, gave evidence of the existence of some former building—the porter's lodge, in fact, which appertained to the ancient Abbey of Grayfriars in its palmy days, where, as legends attested, abode one of the richest, most rapacious, most sanctimonious, and least holy of all the holy brotherhoods whom "Bluff Hal" of blessed memory dispersed to the winds of heaven.

The ruined walls of another building, clustered thick with penny-royal and waving ferns, and its green, grassy floor open to the sky, were hidden in the innermost maze of this copse—hidden almost from observation by a few gigantic laurels which closed them in; and in this ruin the eccentric mistress of Grayfriars had erected a small stone grotto, or hut, or cell—the most fanciful imagination could not consider it in the light of a summer-house, or bower, or even oratory—a cell-like building, constructed from the newer stones which lay scattered around, containing a wrought metal table and chairs of curious antique pattern. There was nothing else of a movable nature in the small chamber—the floor of which was composed of broad dark stone flags, in keeping with the whole architecture—except the iron door and shutter for the one small unglazed casement.

It was a dark, desolate, uncanny-looking place, and, after the first visit which Louisa and I had paid to it about two years before, when on an exploring expedition through the park, I had never cared to come again. Its gloomy, secluded loneliness made it seem a welcome refuge to me now, as I turned aside through the dark, dripping wood-paths, and the sombre-shaded, narrow-flagged foot-way, beneath the great branching laurels which led to the cell.

The great iron door was closed, and it was with a good deal of reluctance that I timidly raised the latch-fastening and looked in. But the cell was empty and with as little trace of human presence as it had been when I saw it first, although people said that this mysterious retreat in the ruins was a favorite haunt of Lady Cecilia Murray's.

I opened the door as wide as it would go, went in, and sat down.

Far off through the groves and woodland the storm was raging still; the thunder of the waves on the beach echoed in one continuous roll, except when on the breath of a fierce gust of wind there was borne with fierce distinctness a reverberating crash from the angry water. The rain came down faster and faster, beating the dead and rotting leaves with a plashing sound, trickling in runlets through every channel, and falling ever and anon on the darksome flagged pathway with a loud, solitary plash like a stealthy footstep.

In spite of preoccupied and troubled thoughts, a kind of tremor of lonely nervousness came over me, not because of the lack of all companionship as of a fear of its possibility. For who would come to this weird, dismal place on a wild wet evening who would be likely to be a welcome visitor? Surely Lady Cecilia would not select this afternoon as a suitable one for a ramble; and no one at Grayfriars Lodge even knew of my absence from the house—so I believed.

But I could not rest here, although I had come so far. The stealthy plash of the rain, the sighing and whispering of the dripping leaves, the low wailing of the wind through the crannies of the ruins, oppressed and unnerved me. I could think of nothing. My whole attention and faculties seemed concentrated in the one effort of listening. Those whispering murmurs seemed to portend of a coming message, the stealthy footstep the echo of a coming fate.

Once before I had felt that sensation, when I had sat alone in the gloomy old parlor of Wymondstowe House on a dark stormy evening like this, two years and a half since. Oh, George, my darling—my darling! With a convulsive sob my head dropped on my clasped hands, and as it did so my short, curling hair, which I wore pinned back from my temples, fell over my brow, and I discovered that I had dropped and lost the large jet star-shaped pin for the right side. I had had the pair of ornaments since I was at Meadham that bright Summer, which seemed so long ago. George had admired them, and I had dearly prized and worn them ever since.

I wiped away my tears as I stopped to look if the pin might have fallen to the floor. The shades of

evening were coming so fast that I should have little chance of finding it on the foot-paths by which I had come. How dark it had grown even here! The light from the open doorway was intercepted—intercepted by a figure! I started to my feet with a suppressed scream, but the next instant sank down again on the chair, pale, quiet, and silent, but with my heart beating wildly. It was Walter Hesketh who was standing there, smiling, but very pale also, and with a haggard, fierce light in his deep-set eyes.

"Rosamond shouldn't leave a clue behind her when she retreats to her bower," he said, smiling still, but with an uncertain tone in his voice, as he held out my jet pin in his hand. "I found this just near the old ruined archway. You dropped it there, I suppose?"

"I suppose I did," I returned, coldly. "Thank you for finding it. I did not know you were following me."

"I dare say you did not," he rejoined, as formally as I had spoken; "but I followed you nevertheless—for two reasons. Are you going?"

"Yes," said I, with an effort at indifference of manner; "this place is so dreary and damp and gloomy. I only staid to rest a minute."

"Rest a minute longer, Gwendoline," he begged, in a low tone. "I want to speak to you."

"Can you not speak at home—anywhere but in this horrible, gloomy place?" I asked, with fierce impatience, and trembling as I drew my shawl around me, and strove to pass him.

"Gwendoline," he repeated, looking into my unwilling eyes, and compelling my observance and attention, as he laid one hand lightly on my arm. "I want to speak to you here—it is as fitting a place as any. I have been seeking an opportunity to speak to you for the past three weeks, and have not been able to find it."

"What do you want to say?" I inquired, suddenly and passionately confronting him. "Say it, whatever it is—say it, and be done with it, in heaven's name!"

"I want to say that which you know quite well already," he returned, his low, clear voice growing hoarse, and his lips twitching—"to say that I love you, and want you for my wife."

"And, Walter Hesketh, I will say that which you know quite well already," I retorted, trembling, and shrinking as I spoke—I have said that a good deal of my old courage and coolness had been lost in that fierce fever which had laid me low for weeks—"that I do not love you, and will never be your wife! How dare you speak of it me?"

Poor, weak, unnerved creature that I was, I had sunk down shivering on my seat again, and burst into passionate, helpless weeping.

I had nothing but my peevish, weak grief, my weak womanly anger and impatience, to confront Walter Hesketh's iron will, well-controlled temper, subtle discernment, patience, and strong, covetous, determined passion. I had known of his love long ago, as he said; but his calm, decisive declaration came on me with a shock now. I knew well he loved me, and I almost hated him in return—I almost hated him, feeling myself to be like a child in his hands when in opposition to him; and yet no human being I had ever met possessed such a power over me, or won such fear, admiration and respect from me.

"I would dare anything, because I love you," he said. "You are worth daring something for—even daring your hottest anger. Dearest, look up and answer me. Don't you think the whole love of my heart worth having? You never had such love given you before in your life—you never will again."

"Perhaps not," returned I, striving for composure; "but I had love, true love given me, which I prized a thousand times more highly than I can ever prize yours, and which will suffice me for my lifetime."

Walter Hesketh's pale, statuesque face grew dark, and altered suddenly and terribly in a moment. He quitted my side and stood silently looking through the open doorway beneath the dark dripping branches.

"I do not ask you to prize it," he said, in a sharp agitated tone; "only to accept it, only to let me love you—to let me be your nearest friend and protector—to let me work for you, and share my life with you; do anything but scorn me and trample my love and devotion under foot, and make my life desolate as well as your own. George had your love; it is his, living or dead. Be it so. Give me your kindness, your pity, anything, so that I am not quite shut out, and take all the best and first and strongest love of my life in return. I am not making a very exacting bargain—oh, Gwendoline, my love, you might try to be a little more generous in return!"

His voice was pleading, his face humble and beseeching, his eyes were bright and haggard with earnest entreaty. My heart was stirred with pity and regret, and pleadings for him roused tumultuously in my soul.

"Walter," I said, gravely, "you are talking folly. You are the last man living to be contented with a loveless wife, the last man in the world to be satisfied to give all and get nothing in return."

"Gwendoline," he cried, passionately, his eyes wild with hope and energy, "as sure as I stand here and the heaven is above us, I know that if I win you for my own I shall not have a loveless wife! I know you well enough to feel sure that when once your life and mine are one it will be a happy life. If I did not know it, I would not dare to condemn you or myself to the misery of an ill-suited marriage. Gwendoline, my dearest, you are the only woman on earth for me; I believe I am the one best suited to you—suited to understand you, to be your second self, to make you happy, dearest love—if I only may!"

A reckless, passionate impulse came over me to say that which he waited and longed to hear. Why should I not make him happy if I could? Why should I not please Mrs. Allan, please all my relatives, and by a marriage so suitable and discreet—from a worldly, judicious point of view—exchange my lonely, dependent, anomalous position for that of the mistress of an honorable, wedded home? He had been George's friend; he had been mine—kind, considerate, and generous. I owed him a return; why should I not make it? Nay, more, why should I not take his proffered affection, his life-long companionship and protection to make my desolate heart less lonely, and reward him with wifely duty, faithfulness, and kindness?"

But I paused.

"Oh, Walter, do not ask me now! Give me time."

"For what, Gwendoline?" he asked, resolutely. "That you may learn to like me better? You never will until you know that you are mine and I am yours till death part us. Youth and the time for love and happiness are passing away very quickly. My darling, why should we wait until our faces and our hearts are both grown old?"

"Walter, do you remember that I am nearly thirty years of age already?" I said.

"Gwendoline, do you remember that I am nearly thirty-three years of age already?" he retorted, smiling.

"Oh, Walter, I cannot yet!" I pleaded. "I cannot think of it. It is painful, hateful to me—hate-



ful, I tell you! Do you think," I went on, harshly, "that because I was not his wedded wife I have no right to mourn for him as a wife should? No, but ten times more keenly and bitterly, were it possible!"

"I never thought of you but as his wife whilst he lived," said Walter, gloomily; now that you are his widow, I only ask the right to console you—the second place in your heart. I am not asking or expecting more than you can give."

"Perhaps at some future day—do not speak of it any more now," I returned, tremulously.

"Gwendoline," he said, determinedly, "I will be content if you will fix that future day—not unless. Surely it does not follow that because of a sad and tender memory of the dead you must sacrifice all the remaining years of your youth to tears and vain regrets! Your becoming my wife need not make George's memory less dear to you—only less sorrowful, my own. I love you better for your faithfulness; but because I love you I cannot endure to see you sad and lonely. Come to me, Gwendoline darling, and make me happy, and find happiness yourself in my love."

His wooing arms were around me, his wooing kisses pressed on my cheek, but I shrank convulsively from him, and spoke fiercely and abruptly.

"Don't say that—I don't want to hear that! I will marry you, since you want me so much—I will marry you; but blame yourself when you find you have made a mistake."

"Very well," said he, his pale, proud face glowing with pleasure and triumph; "I will blame myself when that day comes. At present I feel nothing but hope and happiness. And now come home with me, dearest; this is no place for you." He drew my hand within his arm, and as I yielded silently, led me away.

Scarcely half a dozen yards from the doorway of the cell I stopped and turned back.

"I have left my pin on the table," I said, hastily, and before he could prevent me I retraced my steps, opened the door, and, petrified with astonishment, saw, standing on the very spot beside the table where I had stood two minutes before, the tall, dark figure of Lady Cecilia Murray. Breathless, and startled beyond measure, I remained rooted to the ground gazing at her, but she, inclining her handsome, haughty head slightly, held out the missing jet pin in her hand, saying, politely and calmly:

"I think this is yours, Miss Wymond. I am happy to see you have quite recovered your health." There was a tinge of sarcasm in her tone, and in the steadfast gaze of her deep-set eyes.

"Thank you, Lady Cecilia," I said, flushing, and then added, in stammering bewilderment, "I was not aware that this place was connected with any other; I thought it was a single isolated building."

"You thought correctly," returned Lady Cecilia, with a frigid smile. "There are no buildings at the back, sides, or front in connection with it; it is secure from prying eyes also."

I flushed deeper.

"That would cause me no concern in any case, Lady Cecilia," I said, briefly and coldly.

Only a quick, penetrating glance from her keen dark eyes replied to me, and then she said, gravely:

"You are going to leave Grayfriars, I believe; I had hoped to have you for tenant for a longer term."

"I had hoped so, too," I said, in a lower tone; "we cannot order our lives."

"Can we not?" Lady Cecilia retorted, abruptly and bitterly. "At least, we could sometimes avoid making the great mistakes of our lives which order them for sorrow and evil."

"Heaven knows," I said, speaking slowly in my bitter pain, tenfold bitterer for my knowledge of what the past half-hour had brought me; "the great sorrow of my life was wrought by no human mistake or error on my part—I could not endure it if it were so. It came from heaven's hand alone."

"And does that afford you perfect consolation? I remember you told me once that it would," she queried, watching me intently.

"It does—it helps me to endure; I can feel that it is well with him, and that although I have lost him—I faltered, and then my struggling composure gave way beneath the cruel, probing touch. A choking sob burst from my lips. "Heaven help me," I muttered, passionately—"I think my heart is broken!"

"I thought you had found a healer for it both in heaven and on earth," Lady Cecilia went on mercilessly in her cold, bitter voice. "Here is your lover, alarmed to witness such unseasonable grief."

Walter had hurried back, surprised at my delay. "Dearest," he began, eagerly, "what has—"

and then stopped, amazed, as I had been, at sight of the unexpected presence.

Lady Cecilia surveyed him steadily with one of her keen, inquisitorial looks, and then, turning to me, extended her hand.

"Farewell," she said, in a low tone, almost inaudible in the tempest-noises of the storm beating and raging round the ruined wall outside; "we shall not meet again, in all likelihood, unless I can serve you."

Through my tears, I looked up at her with astonishment.

"Do you think that impossible?" she asked, her haughty lips curling. "If you ever care to put it to the proof, you shall see. I know more of you than you think, Gwendoline Wymond."

She pressed my hand slightly, and moved away to the open casemated window; and then Walter Hesketh took me away, and I saw her no more.

(To be continued.)

## THE DISCIPLES OF MENNO SIMONIS.

### THEIR SETTLEMENT IN CENTRAL KANSAS.

OUR population has received an important and valuable addition in the past two years by the extensive emigration of Mennonites. This is not the first time that representatives of this thrifty society have found an asylum in this country. As early as 1683 many left Holland and Germany to escape religious persecution, and settled in various parts of Pennsylvania. In 1708 a school and a meeting-house were erected by them in Germantown, near Philadelphia. Another colony was established in what is now known as Lancaster County, Pa., and numerous stable farmers of that delightful agricultural region are the descendants of these worthy pioneers, and retain many of the characteristics and habits of their forefathers. Subsequently Mennonite settlements were established in Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, New York and Canada.

With the advancement of religious toleration in Europe the causes which led to the large emigration of religious sects decreased, and this particular body being peaceful, home-loving people, but few representatives of it were found among the crowds of emigrants yearly arriving at our shores. The Mennonites recently landing in this country came from Russia. They are the descendants of a colony that left Germany in 1780 to escape the conscription of Frederick

the Great, and settled in the southern provinces of Russia, upon land granted by Catharine II. They now leave Russian territory to avoid an edict of the Emperor requiring all able-bodied men to perform military duty. Their religious tenets teach peace, and they are unable to reconcile their conscience to the order of the Czar. In Russia their number is said to have been about 40,000, and so many have emigrated since the edict was published, June 4th, 1871, that the Czar has been induced to modify the order, and has signified his willingness to accept from this particular sect service in the military hospitals in lieu of service in the regular army. This, however, does not appear to have stopped the exodus, and it is probable that in a few years the great bulk of the Russian Mennonites will be citizens of the United States. The Russian Government, fully aware of the importance of retaining this thrifty, hard-working community, has made every possible effort to prevent their emigration. When the authorities first learned that the Mennonites would not enter the army, the time of conscription was extended, but without the anticipated results. Then an attempt was made to force a renunciation of their belief, and the acceptance of the doctrines of the Russian Greek Church, but without effect. The latest compromise in the matter appears to have come too late.

The Mennonite Church was founded in Germany in the early part of the sixteenth century by Menno Simonis, a priest settled at Pingium, who early imbibed the reform doctrines of his contemporary, Luther, and renounced all connection with the Roman Catholic Church. For this he was driven into exile, Charles V. setting a price on his head, and for twenty-five years he struggled valiantly with want, suffering and persecution. He found an asylum in Holstein, and received permission to publish several religious essays on the true Christian faith. He died there on the 13th of January, 1561. His doctrines gained followers, and a colony of exemplary men, who favored his religious views, was established in Holland. During the eighteenth century the number of Mennonites had increased to 160,000, and in 1735 they established a theological seminary.

As a sectarian organization, they resemble the Baptists, and follow many of the simple customs of the Quakers. The sacrament of baptism is never celebrated until the candidate has acquired sufficient intelligence fully to comprehend the nature of the obligations about to be assumed. They choose from their own members certain ones notable for high moral standing, intelligence and ability as teachers, to be their priests. For these ministers no special preparation is required. They must be pure, honest and faithful to the teachings of Menno. They serve without pay. The Mennonites strive to live an everyday, practical Christian life; they are strict in discipline, oppose the taking of oaths, and, like the Friends, are strongly antagonistic to war. The brotherhood in America have organized a Board of Guardians, which is charged with arranging for transportation across the Atlantic to New York, and from thence to points of destination in the West. These guardians are custodians of a fund contributed by the brethren who have already settled to provide for the ocean passage of those who are without means. The emigrants are a conscientious, hard-working agricultural people, and most of them are the possessors of a moderate capital. A very large amount of money has thus come into the country, as it is estimated that the head of each family brought from \$2,000 to \$10,000. They will be welcomed by any State within whose limits they settle.

One colony has purchased 150,000 acres of land in Central Kansas. The ground selected was a bleak, wild prairie—late the frontier buffalo range, but the industrious settlers have built up a prosperous colony, with thriving towns and well-ordered farms. We give illustrations showing some of the scenes in this settlement. Two large, rough buildings were erected sixteen miles north of Newton, as temporary barrack residences, whilst the emigrants were building permanent dwellings. All new-comers are lodged in the barracks—the interior of which presents an animated and grotesque appearance. Crowded with strange-looking, battered trunks, boxes, beds, cook-stoves, sacks, bags, fur coats, and the numerous articles that go to make up an emigrant's outfit, a perfect Babel is created. In pleasant weather the religious exercises are held in the open air, and in this temple not made by human hands the fervent prayers of these simple worshippers go up to heaven. Midway between the two temporary buildings is the public well, where our artist made his sketches of costumes. A handkerchief is the only head-dress worn by the women, and gay aprons seem to be their only

vanity. The men wear caps of cloth or fur, and have huge fur-lined overcoats.

About seven miles northeast of the temporary homes is the quaint brand-new village of Gnadenau, where there are some twenty small farmers, who have built the queerest and most comfortable cheap houses ever seen in the West, and with the least amount of timber, being merely a skeleton roof built on the ground and thatched with prairie-grass. They serve for man and beast, being divided on the inside by a partition of adobe.

The lands purchased by the colony are distributed in four counties. Halstead, on the Little Arkansas River, being the most central town, has been selected as a trading-point, where some of the community have opened stores and built a fine mill.

The Mennonites are a peaceful, temperate, industrious, and very frugal people, and will soon build up on the plains of Kansas a settlement rivaling in beauty and prosperity some of the most favored agricultural districts in the older States.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHLOROFORM-VAPOR has been lately found, by a chemist in Antwerp, to act with great rapidity in extinguishing the flame of the vapor of petroleum. Combustible gases mixed with chloroform-vapor immediately lost their explosive properties, and even their combustibility. It is suggested that chloroform might be advantageously employed upon a large scale for extinguishing fires in petroleum stores and on board ship.

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, according to European notions, is making some progress in Japan. We learn that in the hospital of Hakodadi there are twenty young men regularly entered as students of medicine, daily lectures are given, and "bedside and other clinical demonstrations," the curriculum being similar to that of most medical schools. An illustrated medical journal, in the Japanese language, is also published every two months.

ON THE 1ST OF FEBRUARY M. Leverrier announced to the Academy of Sciences the discovery, by M. Stephan, the Director of the Marseilles Observatory, of Encke's comet. On the 8th he announced the detection, by M. Stephan, of Winnecke's comet, which is a more notable object, and can be observed with a finder. It is necessary to employ powerful instruments to see Encke's with certainty. Both comets were seen at Marseilles for the first time, that of Encke in 1818, and Winnecke in 1819.

A SIMPLE but valuable addition to the astronomical sextant has been devised by Captain J. E. Davis, of the Hydrographical Department of the British Admiralty. By the application of a micrometer-wheel to the tangent-screw and movable indicators to the arc, a series of observations can be made of a heavenly body without the necessity of reading the angle at the time, or removing the eye from the telescope. The micrometer can be thrown out of gear at pleasure, and the sextant used without it.

UNDER THE NAME OF CLARITE, Professor Sandberger, of Würzburg, has published in the *Neues Jahrbuch*, a preliminary description of a new mineral found at Shapbach. It is said to contain copper, antimony, arsenic and sulphur, but a quantitative analysis has not yet been published. Its composition appears to approach that of fahlerz, from which it differs crystallographically. It exhibits a notable tendency to decompose, with separation of indigo copper, and to pass into copper-pyrites without change of form.

DUST SPECTACLES FOR THE PROTECTION OF EYES IN VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.—Spectacle-frames, furnished with fine wire gauze instead of glass, carefully fitted to the eye and fastened to the head by a gum band, have been found by Kuhn to answer perfectly for the protection of the eyes from dust, solid particles, etc., in various occupations, as threshing, stone-cutting, etc., while they, at the same time, permit the necessary access of air to the eye, and produce no inconveniences whatever to the wearer.

A BANGOR MAN has invented a fire-shield to prevent fires from leaping across a street on to adjoining buildings, and also to protect the firemen. The device is light and portable—two men can easily handle it—about fifty-four inches in width by six and one half feet in height, with a projecting curve at the top, the whole being of galvanized iron. Near the centre, and on a level with the eye, is an orifice some eight inches in diameter, which can be wholly closed or opened for the introduction of the nozzle of the hose when playing. The patent includes the insertion of a small window of mica, through which the hoseman can watch the action of the flames, while fighting the hottest fire, in safety.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. MURRAY, of London, is the first publisher ever knighted.

THE oldest inhabitant of Seneca County, N. Y., is dead, after attaining the age of eighty-eight years.

As a former Secretary of War, a portrait of Jefferson Davis has been added to the gallery of that department.

QUEEN VICTORIA and Eugénie remain uncommonly warm friends. They have just exchanged copies of the lives of their husbands.

EX-SENATOR BROWNLOW has gone back to journalism, and the undertakers have ceased taking the measure of this immortal Tennesseean.

A HIGH honor was paid musical art by the interment of the remains of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, the composer, in Westminster Abbey, London.

JOHN BRIGHT has become the most noticeable of Englishmen. His face is round, his hair long, white, and generally combed back, revealing a forehead of remarkable grandeur.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER is about undertaking a most prodigious literary work, nothing less than the translation into European languages of all the Oriental Bibles. He is promised the co-operation of all the leading Oriental scholars.

THE London detectives have thus far failed to find the thief who stole Lady Dudley's jewels. As she has promised secrecy, and a reward amounting to more than a jeweler would pay for the gems, it would seem that the thieves are in correspondence with her.

BARONESS BURDETT COURTIS, the eminent English philanthropist, has taken steps to form a society for the prevention of cruelty to humming-birds, asserting that thousands are annually slaughtered simply to gratify woman's vanity as displayed upon bonnets.

"THE Ladies' Literary and Social Club" has been started in Washington; but there is a significant omission in its list of members of such writers as Mrs. Spofford, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Clemmer, Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren, "Gail Hamilton," and others with whom the reading public are acquainted.

THE Empress of Russia in her travels about France and Italy has a train of twelve immense railroad carriages fitted up as salons, bed rooms, dining-rooms, kitchen and pastry-rooms, all so luxuriant that it appears strange she does not have them drawn to some convenient spot and recognized as the imperial palace.

MORE Imperial visits are "listed" for the Summer. William of Germany goes to Emmanuel of Italy; Francis Joseph of Austria trips over to Alexander at St. Petersburg, and, the Carlists permitting, Alfonso will go through a state presentation to Queen Victoria. And Butler thinks he will call upon all of them.

THE old red-shirted hero, it seems has also been guilty of a little indiscretion, which has yielded him several children. On retiring to Caprera, Garibaldi took to himself a "tally-wife," Francesca, a peasant woman. Their oldest child, Clelia, is quite a feminine savage, is wild as any adventurer could wish, not vicious, but reckless, and is her father's idol.

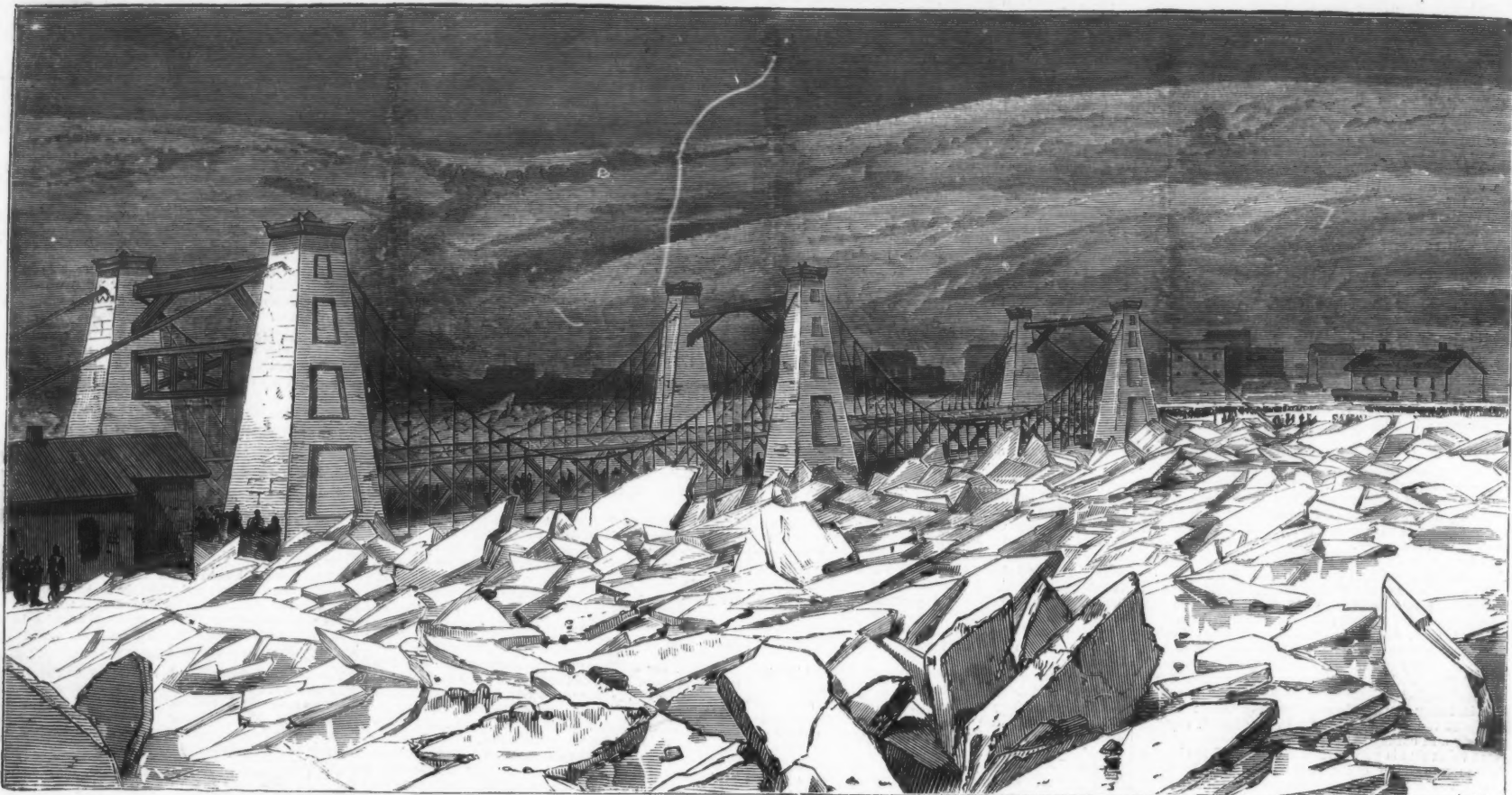
ALAS for the severity of human laws! The Smith sisters, of Glastonbury, Conn., whose cows were seized in a default of payment of taxes, have at last become convinced that the idea of equal rights in the elective franchise is a delusion, and have stepped from the pillory of their martyrdom, as the Courts have decided they must pay taxes, even when they cannot vote.

MRS. JANE SWISSELM, who has done more practical work for her sex than any one else, thus writes of her present condition: "I am fifty-seven years old, and have spent the fortune my parents left me in helping the slave to freedom and women into a position where they might help themselves. I gave my health and nearly my life in hospital service, am literally worn out, poor and entirely dependent on my own labor for a living, except when I break down altogether and am obliged to accept the assistance my friends are always ready to give me. I live in very plain lodgings, and wear a very plain dress and bonnet from one to five years, because I cannot afford now. If I were out of work and threatened with want, I would go into a family to render such services as I could—cooking, dishwashing, general housework, or any specialty—and take such wages as I could earn, whether it was one dollar a week or fifty cents; and no employer should put me out of my place, wherever that was. I should never be found in the parlor when the kitchen was my sphere, and should take pride in being a good servant. Such being the standpoint from which I view life, I cannot, of course, feel sympathy with the fine ladies who come every day robbing me of my time and strength in listening to their recitals of sentimental sorrows. So to all women out of work I say, Take off your furbelows, and set about the first honest labor that presents itself."

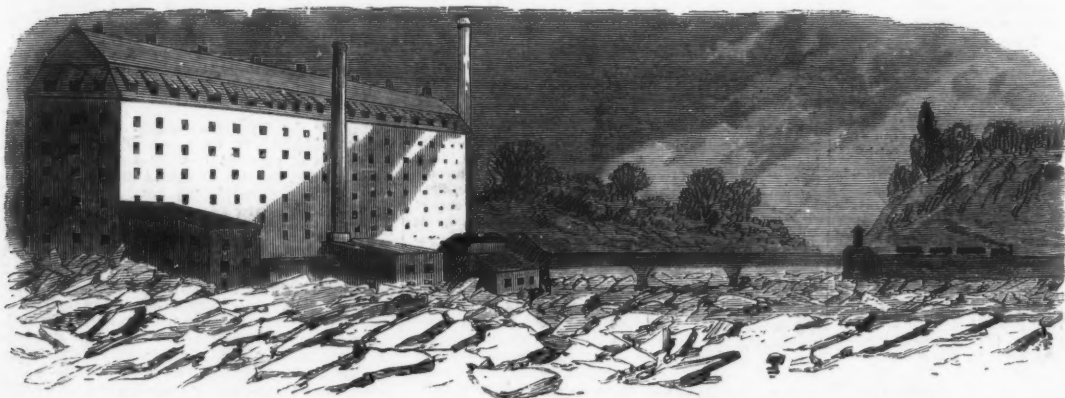


CENTRAL KANSAS.—THE RUSSIAN MENNONITES—TYPES OF FACES AND COSTUMES.





NEW YORK.—THE ICE-GORGE IN THE DELAWARE RIVER AT PORT JERVIS.—SKETCHED BY E. BROADHEAD.—SEE PAGE 30.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE ICE-GORGE AT MANAYUNK—SCENE FROM THE OLD BRIDGE.—SKETCHED BY F. C. SCHELL.  
SEE PAGE 30.



PENNSYLVANIA.—OPENING THE ROADWAY AT MANAYUNK THROUGH THE ICE-GORGE.—SKETCHED BY W. P. SNYDER.—SEE PAGE 30.

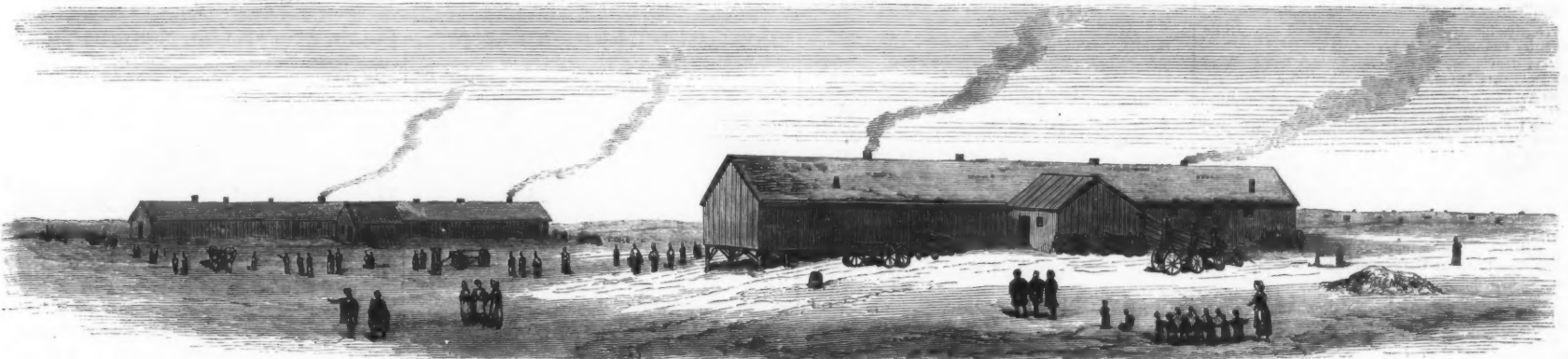


CENTRAL KANSAS.—THE PUBLIC WELL AT THE TEMPORARY HOME OF THE RUSSIAN MENNONITES.—SEE PAGE 27.

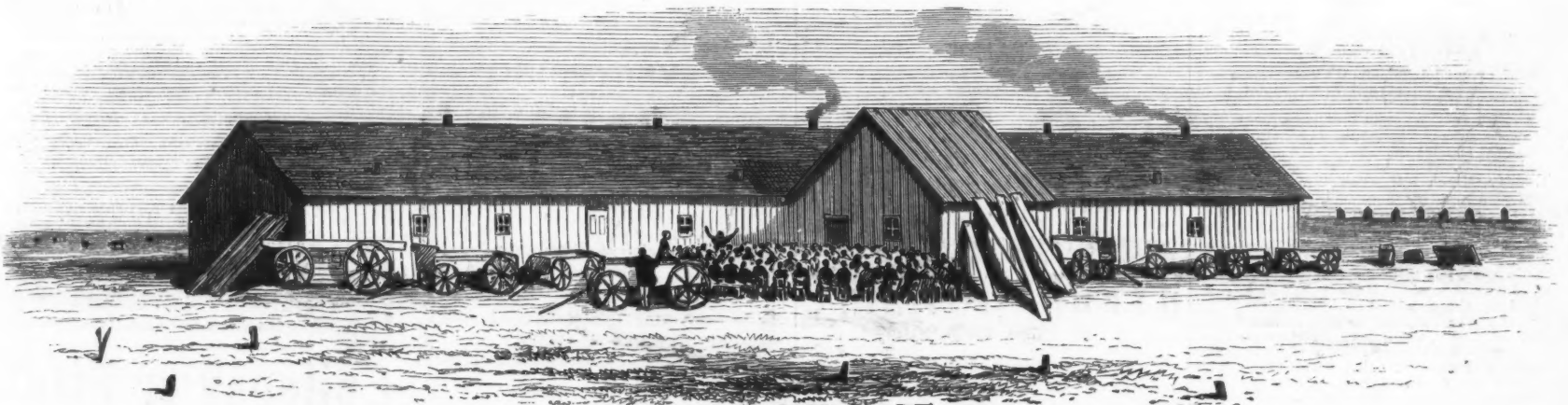




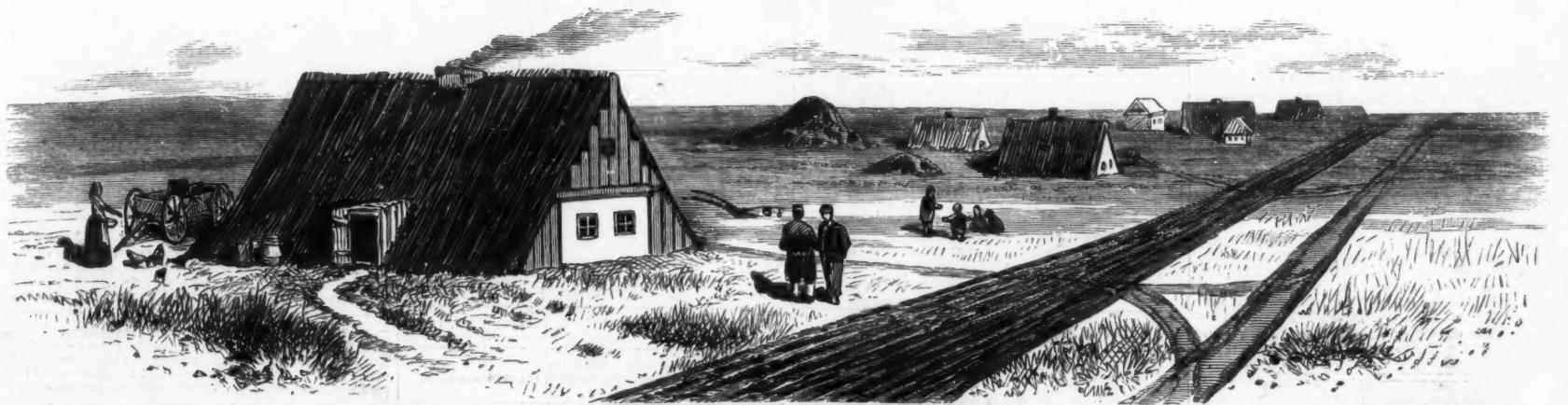
GNADENAU, THE VALE OF GRACE.



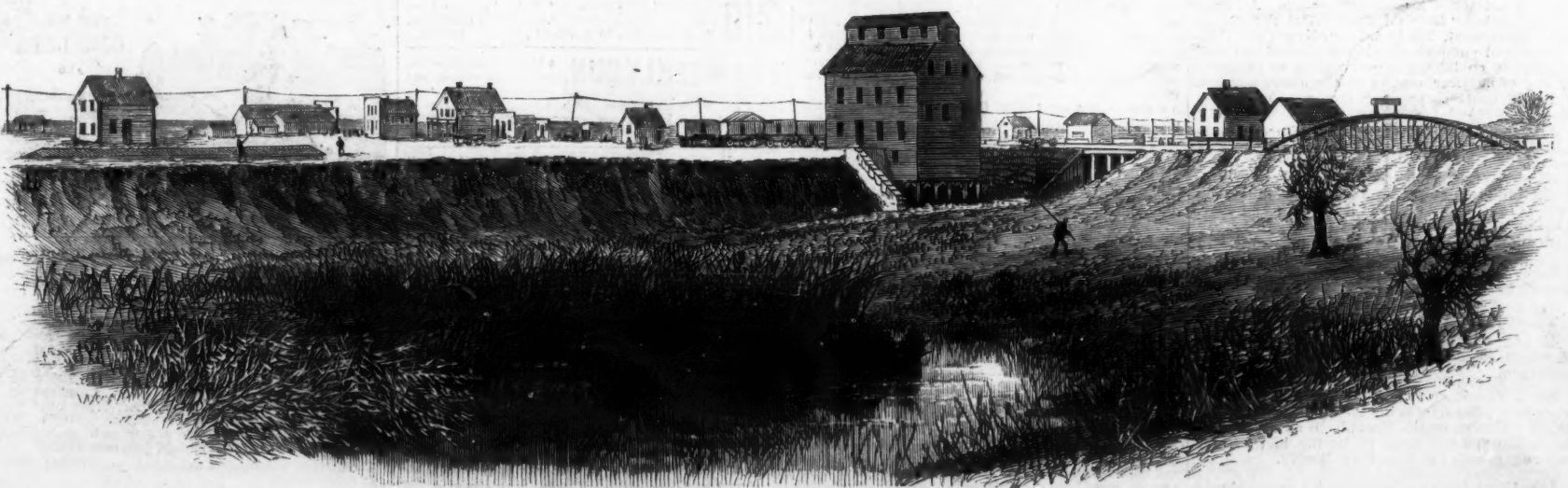
TEMPORARY HOME OF THE RUSSIAN MENNONITES.



MENNONITES AT WORSHIP ON THE PRAIRIE.



GNADENAU, LOOKING EAST.



HALSTEAD, AND A MENNONITE MILL.



## THE SPRING FRESHETS.

ICE GORGES IN THE DELAWARE AND THE SCHUYLKILL.

THE dwellers by the mighty rivers, picturesque streams and running brooks experience with the changing seasons the power and the beauty of the wondrous element that glides by their doors, sometimes in gentle soothing ripples, gilded by golden sunlight, balmy with the soft Summer air, bringing health and comfort, turning the busy mill-wheel, floating the stanch vessel or tiny craft, a messenger laden with happiness and wealth to man; but at other times a fearful visitor, sweeping like a cruel avenger over smiling fields and busy hamlets, carrying death and destruction on its bosom, laying waste all in its track, blotting out peaceful homes and paralyzing industry. From all parts of the country come tales of fear and destruction on the banks of streams. Ice has been made this Winter as it has not been made in this country for a generation, and the channels of all the smaller rivers are choked. From the Delaware and Schuylkill, from the Tennessee and its tributaries, and from the Housatonic, we already hear of troubles due to the vast accumulations of ice; in the rivers around New York navigation has been greatly impeded by ice-floes; from the Atlantic coast come stories of ice-bound vessels; and from the Ohio, the Susquehanna, the Mohawk, the Connecticut, the Upper Hudson and other streams, we shall, no doubt, speedily hear of ravages caused by Spring freshets.

We give illustrations of the scenes at two points recently endangered by ice-gorges.

Port Jervis, N. Y., situated on the left bank of the Delaware River, at a point where the boundary lines of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York meet, was threatened with destruction. An immense ice-gorge formed in the Delaware River, and a few days of mild weather started the frozen masses on their journey to the sea. On Saturday, February 27th, at about eleven o'clock A.M., the great body of ice in the river commenced moving out. For half an hour it passed along smoothly, but the rain and thaws of the past week had not raised the river sufficiently to cause a general break-up, and the immense ice-floes lodged about a mile below the town at Carpenter's Point—where the waters commenced backing up. In a short time the lower part of the place was badly flooded, driving several families out of their houses. The ice reached within a few feet of the bridge. About one o'clock the ice settled down and again traveled some distance, when it suddenly came to a stop, causing an upheaval of the whole body, filling all the space between the bridge and the river, and slightly raising the structure. From Carpenter's Point, a mile below Port Jervis, and up the river as far as the eye can reach, the stream is filled from bank to bank with a jagged mass of ice. The sight is grand beyond description.

After the second grand jam, the water rose a foot a minute. King Street and Brain Street were inundated, and the water filled the cellars of buildings in Pike Street, the main business street of this city. South King Street and the flats between the Erie Railway and the river have been deserted by the inhabitants. The return of colder weather on Monday, March 1st, arrested for a time the fear of immediate danger, but the situation is still very alarming. Experienced engineers have examined the fields of ice, but have been unable to suggest any means by which the danger can be averted.

At Manayunk, on the Schuylkill River, a similar state of affairs exists. Huge pyramids of ice, loosened by the recent thaw, have forced the water far above its usual height, so that it has flooded many mills, and thrown six thousand operatives out of employment. In a night it drove hundreds of families from their tenements, undermined and swept away houses, and clogged and disarranged machinery. The mills and tenement-houses are all located along the banks of the river. The entire town is flooded, and many of the streets and roads completely blocked with ice. Houses and mills have been deserted, and fifteen thousand men, women and children are homeless.

## THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

CLEANSE the stomach, bowels and blood from all the acid, corrupt and offensive accumulations which produce functional derangement, and you remove the cause of most diseases which afflict the human family, and thus save large doctors' bills. The most effectual and reliable remedy for this purpose is found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. No cheap wood or paper boxes, but kept fresh and reliable in vials.

High livers, those indulging in ease and pleasure, and those of sedentary habits, can prevent Boils, Carbuncles, Gout, red Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Constipation, Piles, Drowsiness, Biliousness, and other conditions induced by such habits, by taking from four to six of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets once a week, or better still, one or two each night. They are sold by dealers in medicines.

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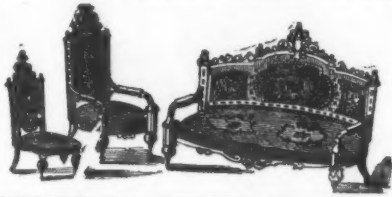
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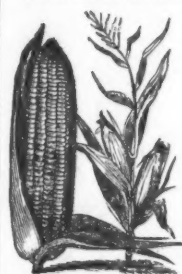
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